

LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

JANUARY

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CENTS

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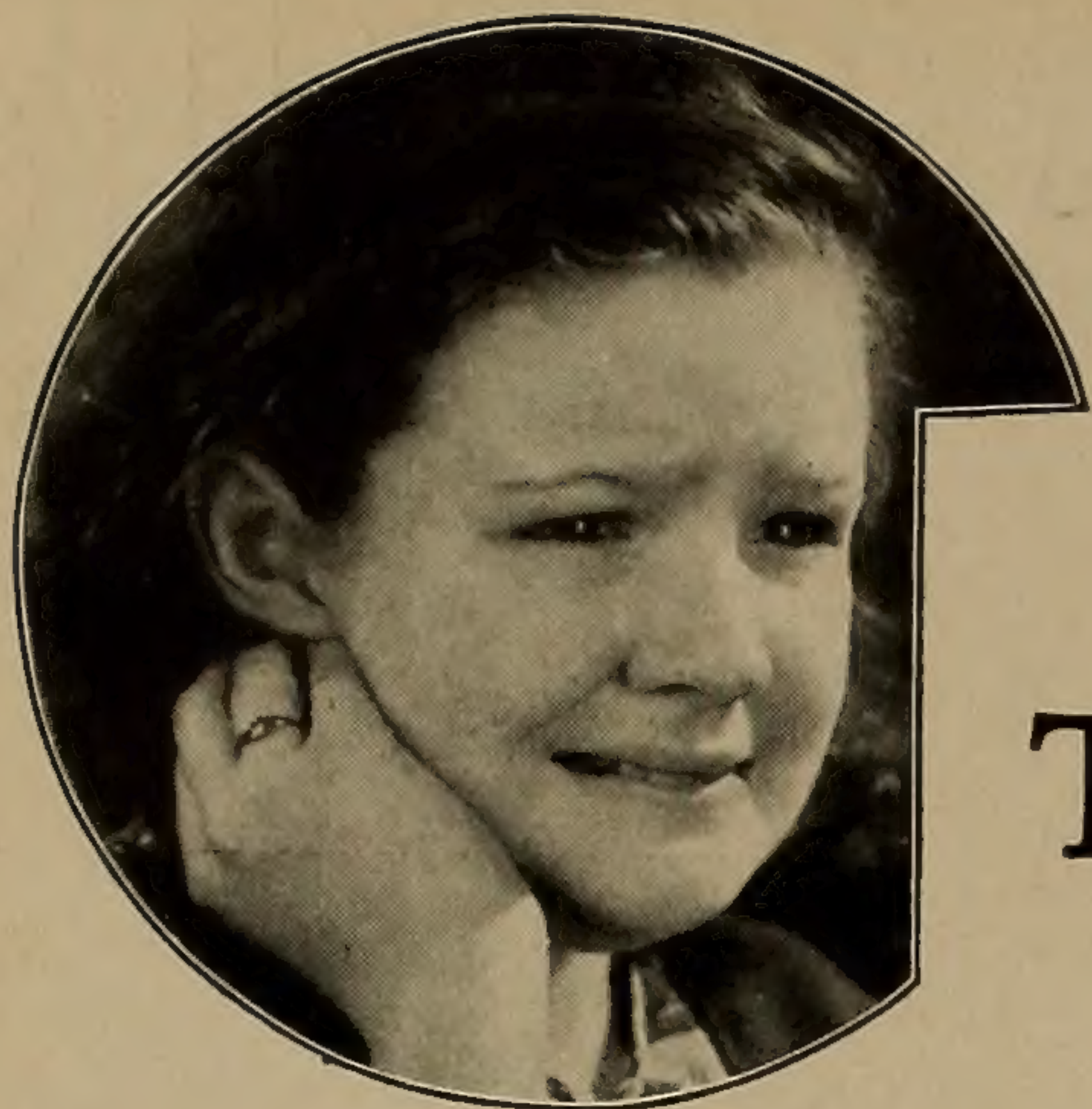
**JOAN
CRAWFORD**

THE STAR WHO
**NEVER
RESTS**



Kay
Francis

ANY GIRL CAN LOOK LIKE GARBO . . . MAYBE!



The fewer colds the less risk of

MASTOID TROUBLE

Gargle with Listerine twice a day to fight
Colds and Sore Throat

In a plea for the prevention of colds, a noted authority makes this startling statement: "Not only mastoid and sinus infections, but bronchitis, asthma, and pleurisy are usually traceable to preceding colds."

Most colds begin in the throat. The germs that cause them or accompany them enter through the mouth. Some lodge there, others travel to the throat from whence they move upward to the nose.

Clearly, one of the major steps in preventing colds is to keep the mouth and throat as clean as possible. That is why the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine has always been recommended.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill germs. As it sweeps over the mucous membrane, it kills outright the millions of bacteria clinging to it. Tests show a reduction as high as 99% of such bacteria. What a protection that is at all times—and *invaluable* when a cold is coming on!

Controlled tests on hundreds of men and women have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine, contracted fewer colds than



When your throat is sore or you feel a cold coming on, gargle with Listerine every two hours. It often relieves the sore throat and checks the progress of the cold.

those who did not gargle with it. Their colds were also less severe.

The brilliant results accomplished by Listerine in combating colds, cannot be expected from harsh, bitter, powerful mouth washes which damage tissue. When a mouth wash irritates tissue, it encourages infection rather than retards it, because irritation makes it easier for germs to gain entrance.

Listerine's success lies in the fact that while highly germicidal

it is at the same time safe in action; does not irritate delicate tissues.

Make a habit of gargling with full strength Listerine every morning and every night as an aid in preventing colds. Remember also to avoid draughts, sudden changes of temperature, cold or wet feet, and over-exposure to cold temperatures. Physicians also advise against over-eating and over-indulgences of any kind. Dress adequately for the day, bathe frequently, and get 8 hours sleep. When a cold does develop, get into bed and call your doctor. A cold promptly treated may spare you years of misery and ill health. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SUCCEEDS BECAUSE SAFE

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Primps For Hours Before a Party
—Ignores Her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

THOSE hours of "primping" haven't been wasted! But if the young lady would look as closely at her teeth as *other* people do—she'd take better care both of her teeth and her gums.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush indicates that your gums are too tender—that they bleed easily. This condition may lead not only to serious gum troubles such as gin-

givitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but to dingy, grayish teeth—so that some day you may think twice before you smile!

*Ipana and Massage
defeat "pink tooth brush"*

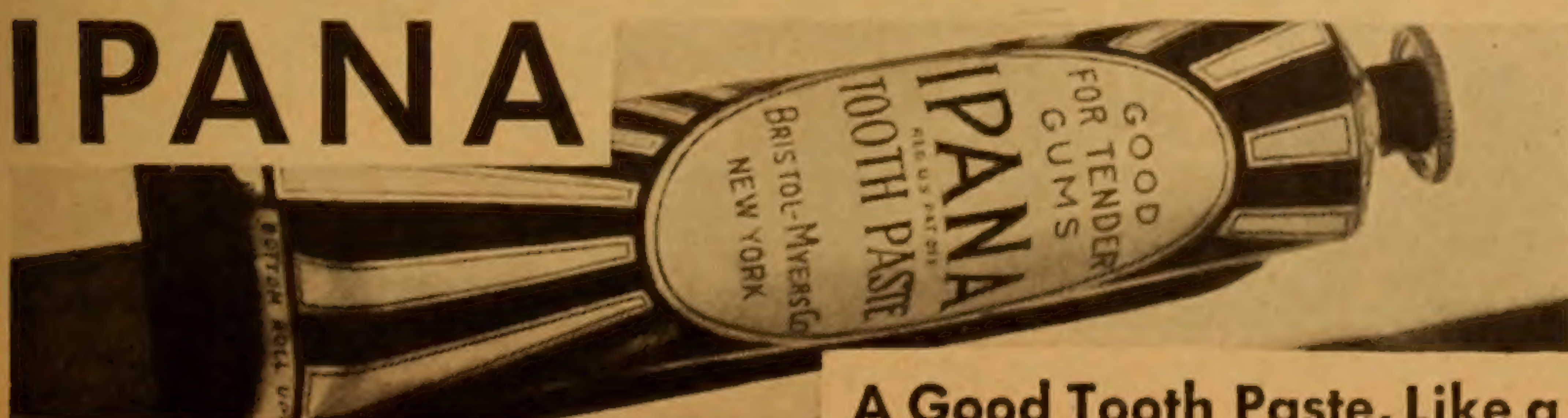
Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern

food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow morning. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method regularly and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child. "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



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Name.....

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City..... State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

A picture which will proudly
lead all the entertainments
the world has ever seen

CECIL B.
DE MILLE'S

Superb Road-Show
Dramatic Spectacle

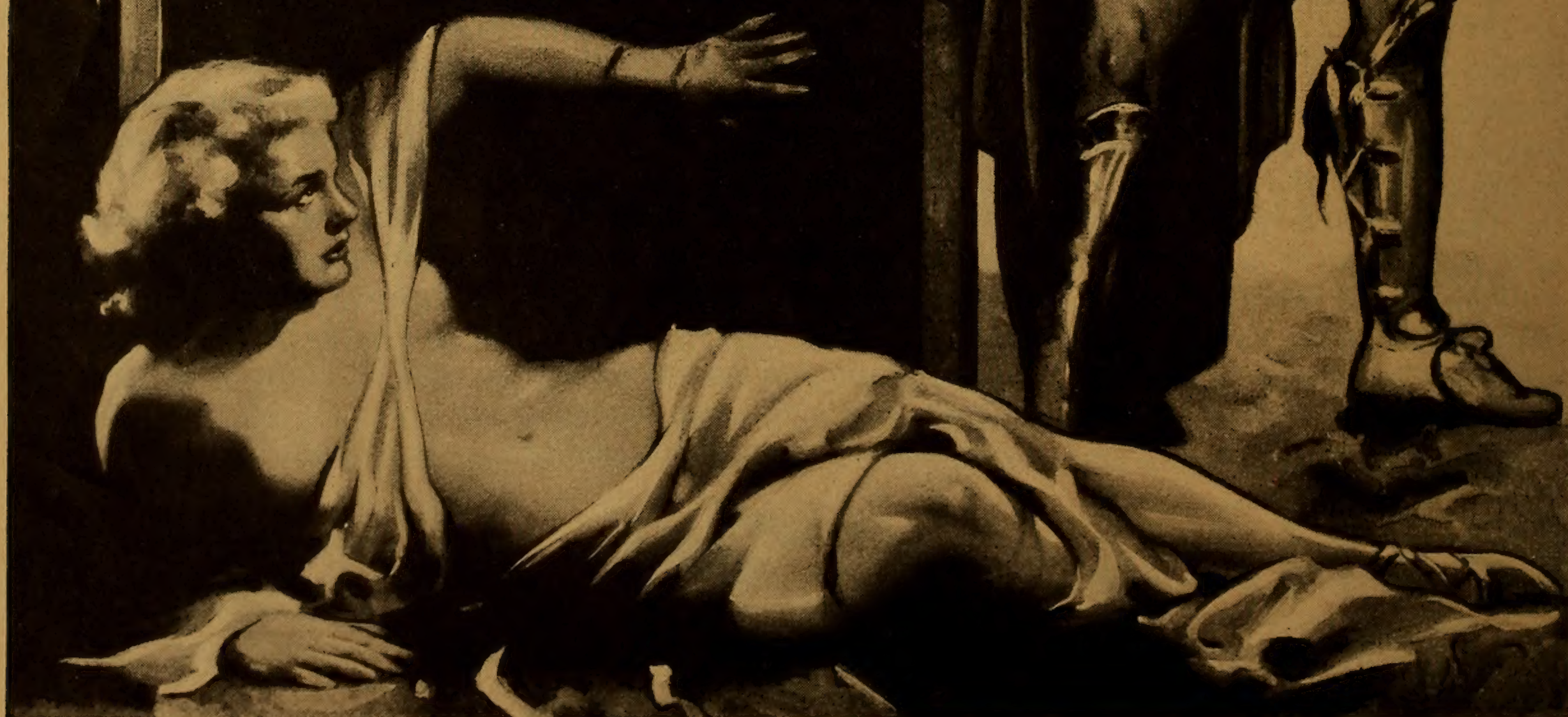
THE
SIGN
OF THE
CROSS

A Paramount Picture

with

FREDRIC MARCH
ELISSA LANDI
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CHARLES LAUGHTON
and 7500 others

From the play by Wilson Barrett



DEC 27 1932

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 5

JANUARY, 1933



KAY FRANCIS Proves That Brunettes Can Win!

If anyone has punctured the legend that "gentlemen prefer blondes," it is raven-haired Kay Francis. And it looks as if she is going to keep on doing it for some time to come—for she has just signed a new two-year Warner contract at an increased salary.

And the fact that Kay is so popular is a compliment to moviegoers—for she appeals primarily to intelligent, sophisticated people. You never see Kay in rags, copiously weeping. You see her as girls who have style and wit and can take care of themselves in any situation.

Kay and husband Kenneth MacKenna own an old Colonial farm on Cape Cod, to which they plan to retire some day and raise a family. But until that distant day, watch for Kay to do more clever things like "Trouble in Paradise" and "Cynara"!

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COVER DRAWING OF KAY FRANCIS BY MARLAND STONE

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHEN the snow begins to fly, that's the time when all good moviegoers like to look back over the year just past and name the ten best pictures. In fact, it proves that you are a good moviegoer if you have the habit. No one can accuse you of going to the movies just to kill time, instead of shopping for the best you can get in drama, comedy or romance. If you are looking for something to enrich your own emotional experience, something to cherish in memory—then you are more than just a moviegoer; you are one of the best friends that The Movies of the Future have. For the whole uplift of entertainment depends on whether or not you and I appreciate the good pictures when they do come along and reject the weak ones.

PERSONALLY, I've found it a tough job to list the *ten* best pictures of the year. 1932 has been the biggest year yet, in the history of the talkies, for entertainment that really mattered. There have been at least thirty—count 'em, thirty—standout pictures. That's an average of one every twelve days, which, if you remember the old movies, is something to telegraph—not write—home about.

BEFORE I pared my list of thirty down to twenty and then to ten, I asked myself, "What do you want 'best' to mean?" And back flashed the answer, "The most memorable." Subconsciously, that's what everyone means when he speaks of "the ten best," whether he's referring to Ed Wynn puns or lame-duck Congressmen. So here goes, and may the chips fall where they may. These are the ten 1932 pictures that gave me the most to remember them by:

"American Madness," "Back Street," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Broken Lullaby," "Grand Hotel," "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "Life Begins," "Maedchen in Uniform," "Scarface," and "Smilin' Through."

AND these are my reasons: "American Madness" came along at just the right moment, and said just the right thing—that America was letting its ideals slip; moreover, it said so with power and gave us the greatest mob scene of the talkies. Of all the movies of "forbidden" romance during the year (and there certainly were plenty of them!), "Back Street" towered above all the others with its sensitiveness, its human simplicity, its down-to-earthness. "A Bill of Divorcement" was likewise powerful in its simplicity, but had the additions of intensity and suspense; it is the talkies' most dramatic study of suppressed emotions. "Broken Lullaby" was the most effective anti-war propaganda since "All Quiet on the Western Front" electrified the world. "Grand Hotel" was vivid, passionate melodrama, acted with cameo clearness by a remarkable cast.

"I AM a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" left me limp from the conflict of emotions it stirred up in me—the horror of brutality and injustice that it gave me. "Life Begins" brought the great drama of Birth to the screen for the first time—and brought it vividly, with many moods. "Maedchen in Uniform" was the year's most sensitive picture—a keen study of young girls, acted with such naturalness that it transcended drama and became reality. "Scarface," in its brutal, unashamed force, did more than all the other gangster pictures together to make gangland a menace, not something to be taken for granted and dismissed, like the prohibition laws. "Smilin' Through" was the zenith in effective sentimentality—a love story that went about the business of being just a love story, with directness and dispatch, and with no intrusion of unnecessary side drama. It created a powerful mood. Each of these ten did. That's why I'm raving about them. What's the use of going to the movies, anyway, if you can't get dramatic, yourself, *inside*?

THE pictures I'd list as the ten second-best are: "Blessed Event"—the most devastating of all the year's many satires; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—and I defy anyone to forget *Jekyll's* transformation into *Hyde*; "The Doomed Battalion"—a war picture that painted the agony and terror of battle without being brutal or sordid; "The Man Who Played God"—subtly sentimental drama of bitterness and happiness, realized to its utmost by George Arliss; "The Mouthpiece"—which, with its powerful, biting, dramatic irony, started an avalanche of exposé pictures; "Once in a Lifetime"—Hollywood's side-splitting laugh at itself, and even an improvement over the play; "Payment Deferred"—a horror story whose horror was intense because it dramatized conscience, not hideous characters; "Shanghai Express"—which, whether realistic or not, made the Orient more vivid than it had ever been in the movies before; "Strange Interlude"—the most ambitious picture of the year, which, while lacking the intensity of the play, was still fascinating with its "asides"; and "What Price Hollywood?"—Hollywood's best dramatization of itself.

FOR months (I've forgotten just how many), I've been hammering away on this page to persuade the movies to dramatize the depression and unemployment, to get busy and mirror the dramatic times we are going through. The cameras went on grinding out artificial dramas, and my shouts were lost in the commotion. But the movies finally have caught the idea—and are seizing upon it as an inspiration. Don't pat me on the back; send your congratulations to Franklin D. Roosevelt, the well-known newsreel star. He is the man who worked the miracle.

He coined the phrase, "the forgotten man"—and the phrase stuck. The more it was used, the more dramatic it became. Finally, everyone was conscious of this out-of-work, out-of-luck chap, this unsung unfortunate. It came to be realized that this "extra" would go down in history, while many of the leading men in the great modern drama would be the ones forgotten. The studios assigned writers to create scenarios about him. But Columbia beat all the others to the draw with "The Forgotten Man," to star Jack Holt. Columbia ought to be called the gem of the movies for that—if they only live up to our expectations. Make enough people bitterly conscious of the plight of the unemployed, and something will be done about unemployment in a hurry. And the quickest, most effective way to make people conscious of it—as I've been saying, over and over (apparently to myself)—is by way of the movies.

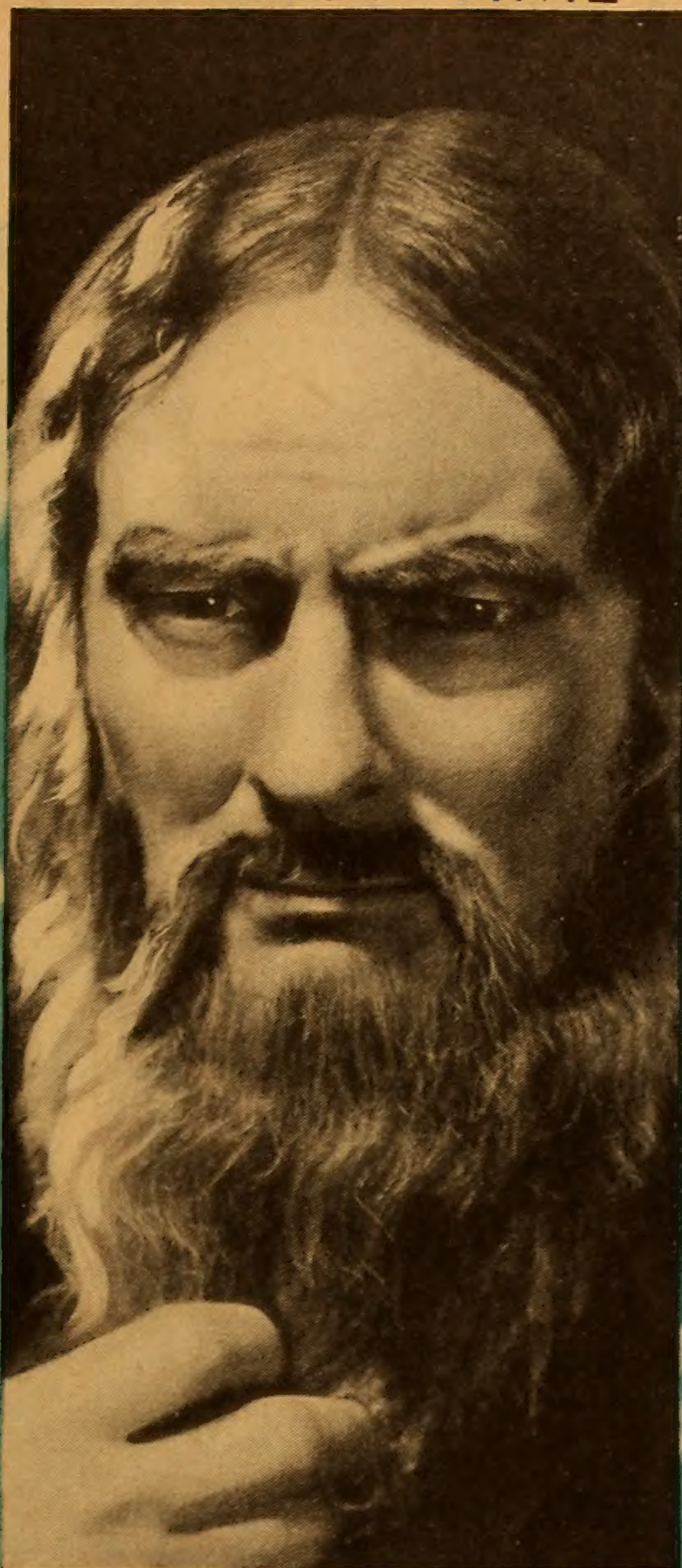
THIS has certainly been a big year for comebacks. Clara Bow, newly launched on what she calls "a second career," has finished "Call Her Savage." Corinne Griffiths' comeback picture, "Lily Christine," made in England, is ready for release in America. Alice White, once Clara's great rival, comes back in a featured rôle in "Employees' Entrance." Vilma Banky is now abroad, making the exterior scenes for her film comeback in "The Rebel." Harry Langdon, the wistful comic, gives Al Jolson a run for first honors in "Happy-Go-Lucky." Both have been away a long time. Colleen Moore is impatiently awaiting her chance at M-G-M, where she is under contract. Tom Mix, away for three years, again is leading the cowboy parade. The public apparently hasn't found any substitutes for "the old, familiar faces." Moviegoers don't like to see their old favorites crowded out to make way for the new. They want both!

Larry Reid

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

ETHEL

JOHN



LIONEL

BARRYMORE

The Royal Family of the American Show World



Madman, saint or devil?
Was he one or all
of these?

You hear it everywhere...whispers from the West gather like a storm...
underground reports travel across the breadth of America...ONE OF THE
GREATEST PICTURES OF ALL TIME IS COMING! The vast resources of
M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing
company on earth are focused on the creation of a mighty entertainment.

RASPUTIN

with RALPH MORGAN • DIANA WYNWARD

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur



Heir to the throne of all Russia
—yet only a boy in his
mother's arms!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



SILVER DOLLAR

For a well-earned change, Edward G. Robinson leads an honest movie life—and the result, in my mind, is Robinson's best picture. (And that is saying a mouthful.) It is a vivid chunk of American history, built around the rise and fall of a dramatic silver miner. The setting is Colorado during the last part of the last century. The magic metal, silver, opens wide the gate to fame and fortune for this pioneer with a great dream—and he steadily rises to positions of power, from Grant's Administration to McKinley's, finally becoming U. S. Senator. But he is too idealistic for his own good—too unsuspecting of an adventuress (Bebe Daniels), for whom he divorces his wife of many years (Aline MacMahon). It is colorful. And the acting—particularly by Robinson and Aline MacMahon—is fine.



THE OLD DARK HOUSE

As a horror picture, this is one of the best yet. It is almost continuously "creepy," it positively broods with terror—and there is a minimum of hokum. And, aside from what happens (which is plenty!), the acting of an exceptional cast, headed by Boris Karloff, gives you something to remember it by. It gets off to a whirlwind start—literally. A violent storm sends a group of benighted travelers for refuge to a lonely, decaying house, where they are unwelcome guests—because one room of that house holds a frightful secret. Their witch-like hostess (Eva Moore) and her hideous deaf-mute servant (Karloff) teach them fear. Melvyn Douglas, Gloria Stuart, Raymond Massey, Charles Laughton (in a comedy rôle) and Lilian Bond are all excellent as the victims of terror.



I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG

In a different way, this picture is as powerful and as realistic as "Scarface," and again Paul Muni proves that he is one of America's great actors. This time, however, you don't like him in spite of his rôle; you like him because of it. Convicted of a crime he did not commit, he is sentenced to hard labor with a chain gang; he escapes, and tries to win his way back to a normal life, even to find romance; but he is a haunted man and eventually he gives up the struggle to remain free, for a climax that is dramatically intense. I warn you to be prepared to grip the arms of your seat. The suspense is terrific. Of the large supporting cast, Glenda Farrell, as the girl who preys on his fears, stands out.



RED DUST

In two respects, I'd say Clark Gable runs into luck in "Red Dust"—he has Jean Harlow as co-star, and once more he has a rôle with some "menace" in it. But in two other respects, he still is out of luck—for, once again, he doesn't have a rôle of the size he deserves, and once again, his co-star walks off with the picture. In the present instance, it may surprise many that Jean accomplishes this feat. But the truth of the matter is that, if it weren't for Jean, the picture would be just another of those triangle dramas of the Orient. In this case, the hero loves another man's wife (Mary Astor), but besides his conscience, he has a hard-boiled, good-natured adventuress (Jean) to battle. Her buoyancy saves the day. Gable and Mary Astor do well enough, but they don't have enough to do.



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

If you don't think that director Ernst Lubitsch is largely responsible for the success of Chevalier, I urge you to see "Trouble in Paradise." It is a typical Chevalier piece, minus Chevalier. The plot is trivial and merry, and it flows along with all the rhythm of a gay waltz; the dialogue is witty and semi-naughty; and the camera performs amusing and unexpected little tricks. The plot deals with the activities of a delightful, unscrupulous fellow (Herbert Marshall), his pickpocket sweetheart (Miriam Hopkins), and a wealthy widow (Kay Francis) who first adopts him as her secretary and then decides to promote him to be her husband. All three act smoothly and well—but Miriam, whose fingers itch when she sees jewels, also deftly steals the picture.



SHERLOCK HOLMES

Fiction's most famous detective is with us again, and this time he is brought completely up to date. When Conan Doyle created him, *Sherlock*, for all his cleverness, was a holdover from the Victorian era, and the criminals he caught were juveniles compared to the brutal master-crooks of to-day. The producers shrewdly realized this, and modernized both the super-detective, *Holmes*, and the super criminal, *Moriarty*—with results that pack fast-paced excitement, as well as suspense. The principals of the cast are all British. Clive Brook, who was *Sherlock* once in silents, again is a highly intellectual, fearless and dryly ironic detective. Ernest Torrence, returning to villain parts, is superb as *Moriarty*. And a pretty newcomer, Miriam Jordan, does well as the inevitable girl.

A Dramatic Exposure of
Graft-Ridden
Politics!

CARL
LAEMMLE
PRESENTS

AFRAID TO TALK

WITH
ERIC LINDEN
SIDNEY FOX

BERTON CHURCHILL
LOUIS CALHERN
EDWARD ARNOLD
TULLY MARSHALL

A Scarlet City
Unmasked . . .
Lovers torn asunder
by the murder-lust
of men who stopped
at nothing to gain
their ends . . . Two
young hearts pit-
ted against ruth-
less tyranny,
in the picture
that will
THRILL
you to
the core!

Adapted from
the stage play
"MERRY
GO ROUND"
By George Sklar
and Albert Maltz

Produced by
Carl Laemmle, Jr.
Directed by
Edward L. Cahn

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



JEAN HARLOW: In mourning. But the Harlow career will continue. And here's news: the famous platinum locks will be dyed brown. So there'll be more contrast with her face. Writing a novel in her spare time and speaks in a slow deep voice. Uses no slang; a surprise, after her screen rôles. Knows how to wear clothes that set off her personality. Address: Holmby Hills, where she's building a new house.



RALPH MORGAN: Five feet eight. Weighs 150. Distinguished-looking. Broadway actor who is fighting it out with the Barrymores as the *Czar* in "Rasputin." Mildly annoyed with Hollywood because he can't find a chess opponent. Likes to sing at parties. His wife, Grace Arnold, is an actress. So's their daughter, a chit of nineteen. Used to be a lawyer. Address: Hayvenhurst Drive, Hollywood.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER: Six feet three. Weighs 190. Another bachelor going begging. Says his greatest annoyance against Bobbe Arnst (the ex-wife) was that she thought him dumb. Says he's not the marrying type anyway. The figures that brought fame and fortune are hips, 42 inches; waist, 33; chest, 41. Now see how the boy-friend measures up! Address: Hollywood Club.



DAVID MANNERS: Five feet ten. Weighs 150. Knows how to order dinner in the best restaurants, with that air headwaiters respect. Plays tennis and used to be cowboy, mill-hand, and lumberjack. The real name is Rauff de Ryther Daun Acklom, and there's an English county seat named after part of it. Lots of Family, but easy to get along with. Address: Tropical Avenue, Beverly Hills.



CLARA BOW: Red hair as usual. Same color eyes, same figger, but no longer the It girl. Clara's conscious of the fact that she's a great dramatic actress. Why not? She gets \$125,000 for making "Call Her Savage!" But sometimes cooks up a dinner for Rex Bell and a friend or two, with her own hands. Housewifey. Still believes in frankness. Most colorful personality in the movies. Address: Fox Hills.



MIRIAM HOPKINS: Blonde coquette with cuddly curves. She's writing a book, too. The situation with Austin Parker still puzzles everyone. They lunch; separate; divorce; and then have dinner together. La Hopkins has a Southern drawl and way of wearing clothes. Used to give swell parties, but now she's busy looking after that little girl she adopted in Chicago. Address: San Vicente Road, Brentwood.

JAMES DUNN: Six feet. Weighs 157. Our most eligible bachelor. And the town's most-engaged lad too. Maybe the current romance with Maureen O'Sullivan is serious, but you can't tell with Jimmy. Insists—the rogue!—that he can't do his best acting unless he's in love. He once made \$10,000 in ten weeks. Then lost it in ten minutes. Of course the gals like him! Address: Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.



LEE TRACY: Five feet ten. Weighs 145. Not handsome, but a lad who Started the Town Talking. A producer sued him for delaying production. Lee admits liking a drink, but says he never lets it interfere with his work. Anyway he's in demand. Maybe he needs the influence of a Good Woman. Yes, girls, another bachelor. Address: them thar hills, where he's recuperating from a breakdown.



MAE WEST: "Diamond Lil." What'll the club-women do about this lady who wrote and acted in the decade's naughtiest plays? When her jewels were stolen the other week Mae said it could never have happened in N'Yawk. She knows all the boys there! Strangely enough she seems old-fashioned in Hollywood. It's glamour, not sex, that's the rage at the moment. A good sport. Address: Paramount Studios.



ANN HARDING: Makes you think she's older than she is. Maybe because of her quiet charm, dignity, and the *grande dame* kind of worldliness. Insists she'd like to retire and take up some gentler profession, but never gets around to it. Hasn't been seen around town much, since divorcing Harry Bannister. Ann's our only exponent of sheer spiritual beauty. Address: Hollywood's highest hilltop.

GENE RAYMOND: Five feet ten. Weighs 157. Our only male platinum blonde, a distinction that annoys him. Has a sense of humor and a way of giving a girl large smacking kisses on the least provocation. In public. But the boy's name hasn't been up for a serious romance yet. What's the matter, you Hollywood Garbos? His real name is Raymond Guion and his address: Marathon Street, Hollywood.



BOOTS MALLORY: A toast to the Lucky Girl of the month! An unknown, she no sooner reached town than she was given the lead in "Walking Down Broadway," with Jimmy Dunn. But the gal can take it, and now you'll see her often. Ash-blond hair and gray-blue eyes. Likes a quiet life—but so do all ex-Follies girls, it seems. Drives a second-hand Ford. Don't we all? Address: Fox Hills.



N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By STACY KENT

HOLD everything, folks, it won't be long now until you will be seeing "Rasputin," the epic of epics, presenting three Barrymores acting for all they're worth. M-G-M, who produced the picture, has aged a good many years during the ordeal, too. Three Barrymores in one show proved to be about as congenial as three bears with sore eyes. Oh, they love each other away from the studio, but family ties didn't mean a durned thing when it came to stealing scenes from each other.

But it's all over now. Ethel, the queen, has returned to New York and the stage. She "snuk" out of Hollywood without telling a soul (not even the publicity department). Thus, she avoided interviewers and press photographers. John and Lionel are combing the Russian atmosphere out of their hair, and preparing for other rôles. Months have been spent, with two directors worn down to the warp and woof in making it. And a good many more hundreds of thousands than M-G-M intended to spend have gone into the production.

Tragically enough, now that the film is completed, whispers emanating from the studio say that Ralph Morgan, as the *Czar*, walks off with the picture. So don't mention "Rasputin" to a Barrymore. That's a fighting word.

BEFORE leaving the Barrymores to wend their three respective ways in peace, one story about Ethel simply must be told. Her comments have enlivened many social affairs during the past summer and fall. These comments, in fact, have been the only things worth remembering about many a party. Hollywood, which loves devastating people, hated to see her go.

Queen Ethel was seated next to a rather tactless young man at a Beverly Hills dinner party.

The youth, for some reason or other, insisted on telling her that he thought Lionel was a "ham" actor.

Ethel exploded.

"Why you insufferable bore, you half-wit, you nin-compoop, you *badly dressed* young man!!"

CHARLES (still Buddy to you) Rogers is paying a visit to Hollywood after making good in the big city with his orchestra. Somehow he seems a changed lad. He doesn't work so hard at being boyishly naïve for one thing. He even *looks* different, and he has added on twenty pounds in weight. Our Buddy now tips the scales at 180—enough to be a good halfback at any college.

He doesn't think Hollywood has changed much in the last year. He attended the opening Mayfair ball of the winter season, and after looking over the crowd decided it was like any Mayfair party of the past.

"Excepting, of course," he added, hastily, "there is a little change in husbands and wives."

Buddy has been taking tests out at M-G-M, and he may return to the leaping shadows. *Not* as a Peter Pan boy, but as a mature leading man in heavy dramatic rôles. It's hard to believe, but Buddy *is* getting on toward that thirty milestone.

DEPRESSION may have played Hail Columbia with most things, but it didn't look like hard times at the first Mayfair party this year. Five hundred high moguls of filmland forked over the customary ten bucks per each, and made refined whoopee until dawn.

Fredric March is the new president of the club, and Norma Shearer is the first vice-president. It *does* seem like a nice executive board, doesn't it?

The big event of the evening was a miniature snow storm falling on the dancers' heads. Maybe it seemed like a good idea, but the bogus snow stuck in the marcel waves of *both* men and women guests. Quite a bit of muttering was to be heard. The muttering grew louder as some 'steen hotel workers had to sweep several bushels of snow from the floor before the dancing could continue. It was the biggest prop snow scene since "Way Down East." Alan Hale, the official Mayfair cut-up for years *and* years, got a laugh out of it. He turned

(Continued on page 72)



Phyfe

June Vasek first popped into the picture in 1932 in "Chandu, the Magician"—and now it looks as if she's heading for some big breaks right through 1933. She's a local Hollywood product, by the way

Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago.* Her skin lovely now as then —How does she care for it?



CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.



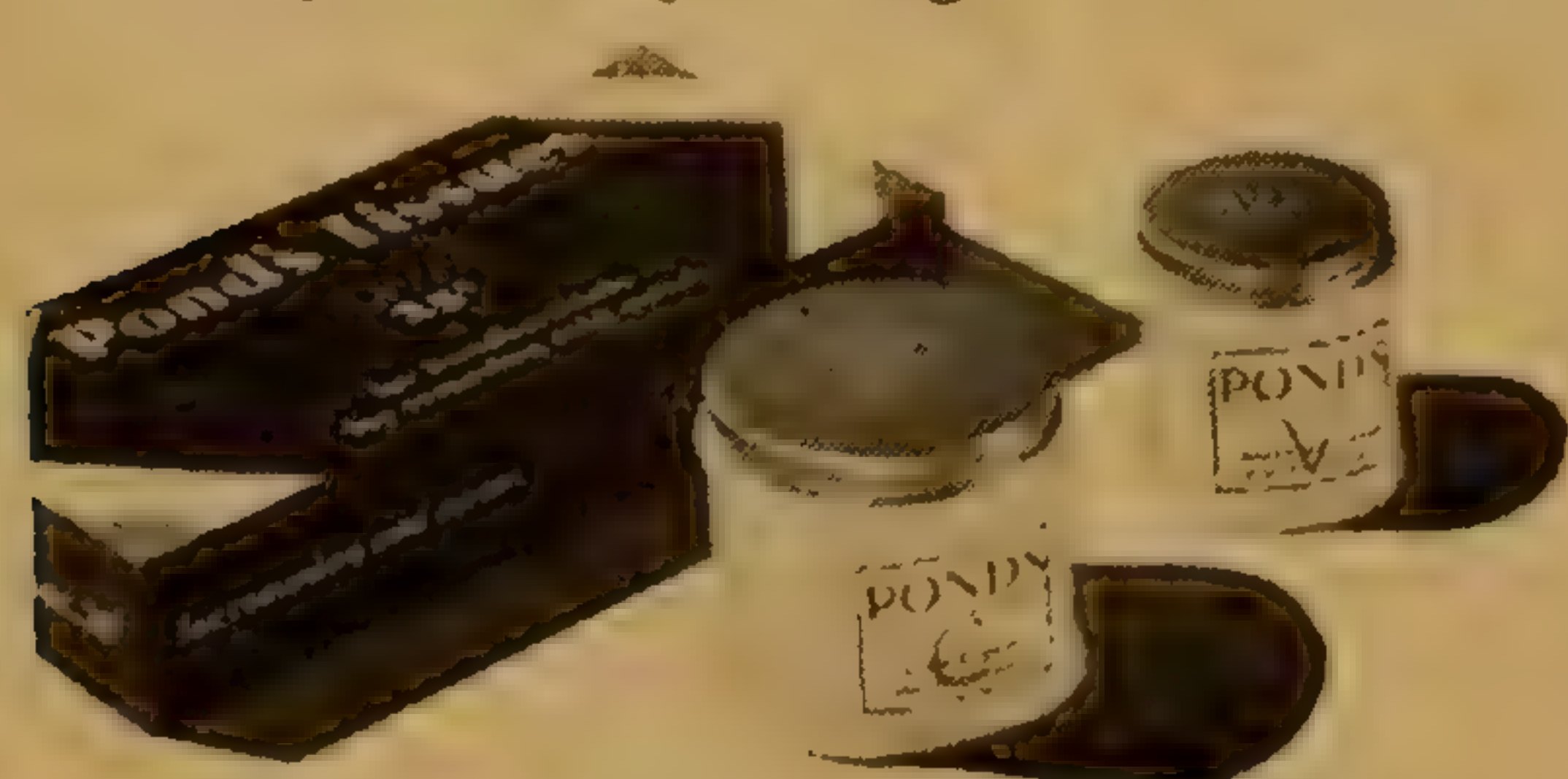
CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."

Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,
the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just how she keeps her youthful freshness.

"I HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.



As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin *clean* . . . And *protecting* it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective*.

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . .
Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.



POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A
126 Hudson Street New York City
Please send me (check choice):
Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythmied for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

MOVIE CLASSIC



By
GLADYS
HALL

As the curtain falls on 1932, everybody is wondering what the year's Greatest Hero—namely, the two-fisted Mr. Gable—intends to do next year. Here is the answer, in Clark's own words. Moreover, he's the kind who'll live up to his intentions!

CLARK GABLE'S New Year Resolutions

CLARK GABLE came into his dressing-room at the noon hour, dusty from the set of "Red Dust." His shirt was open at the collar. His trousers were not Bond Street. His hair was ruffled. He looked healthy and happy and hard-working and—still—completely unchanged after the fires of fame and fortune that would have burned a lesser man to a papery cinder.

Honest to goodness, moviegoers, he is a *swell* guy. I mean it. Unaffected, regular, genuine, one of the realest human beings you could ever meet, anywhere, under any circumstances.

He laughed as we shook hands. "I'm glad to see you," he said, "but what are we going to talk about this time? In the past year or two we've discussed everything under the sun—love and acting and Hollywood and marriage and divorce and pasts and futures, and men, women and

children. We've gone over the whole fabric of life, thread by thread. You know that I am happily married, fond of home life and contract bridge, dogs and motoring and polo and books. You know that *I* know I'm an ugly mug who happened to get the breaks and am grateful for them. What now?"

I said, "Now we're going to talk about New Year resolutions—*yours*."

Clark laughed again, that hearty, masculine laugh of his. He said, "I'm afraid I haven't any. I don't even know that I can make any."

"You see, I'm totally and completely happy in every way that it's possible for a man to be happy. I wouldn't change one thing in my life worth mentioning, if I could. There is absolutely nothing I want that I haven't got."

(Continued on page 58)

Any Girl Like GARBO



Directly above, Garbo, herself, in a soulful mood—and at the upper left, Gwili Andre, RKO's Danish "discovery," in a similar mood. The portrait of Miss Andre was not taken for purposes of comparison, but note the likeness



Left center, Claire Windsor, not at all the Garbo type, illustrates what make-up can do to give her the same features as Greta, herself, above. At the bottom, left, is Lili Damita, who can look like the Garbo you see below



That's a startling statement—but this article, you will read how a accomplished the feat—easily. graphed Greta many times, believes LOOK like Garbo, even if she And red-headed Peggy Shannon, Claire Windsor pose

By JACK

ANYONE can look like Garbo—that is, like Garbo as you know her on the screen. There is, you see, no such person as that Garbo. She has been manufactured out of the stuff dreams are made of. And what can be manufactured once can be duplicated again and again.

"Garbo, herself, doesn't in the slightest resemble the screen creation. You have but to glance at informal pictures taken of her in unguarded moments to see how differently she looks. The contrast is amazing. She is definitely two persons. It seems incredible that the real Garbo could ever become the screen Garbo. A few characteristic tricks of make-up, clothes, deft lighting and photography and her whole appearance changes. It is a remarkable illusion."

The authority for this startling statement is an actress whose name is nearly as well-known as the Swedish star's. Unfortunately, she must remain anonymous, due to the possible complications of studio politics which so definitely rule Hollywood.

The occasion was a small, informal party at her home. Certain of her guests derided her theory that anyone could resemble Garbo. While it was freely admitted that the Garbo of to-day is a far cry from the rotund, freckled-faced, wide-eyed, indifferently dressed girl who first came to American films, it was argued that some similarity of features must exist. Contour of face, for example.

"Nonsense," said their hostess. "The contour of my face is not in the slightest like Garbo's. Hers is squarer than mine, her cheekbones higher, her chin shorter, her eyebrows more arched. All of which can be sufficiently altered by make-up and hairdress. Give me ten minutes and I'll demonstrate it."

It must be reported that fifteen minutes elapsed before a figure dressed in tweeds and

Can Look — Maybe!

no more startling than true. In rival star, totally unlike Garbo, George Hurrell, who has photo- "any girl with normal features" can can't BE like the Swedish star. brunette Rita La Roy and blonde for him to prove it!

GRANT

a slouch hat appeared in the doorway. "Ay tank you have been discussing me," said a deep voice.

The illusion was breath-taking. Some guests later acknowledged that they believed momentarily that the real Garbo had wandered on to the scene.

Close examination revealed the transformation to have been effected comparatively simply. The hair had been combed down in a severe long bob, reaching nearly to the shoulders. Untrimmed false eyelashes had been donned in imitation of Garbo's familiar long lashes. Natural eyebrows had been penciled out and new, more highly arched ones drawn in. The eyes were not shaded by grease-stick other than for one long, strong, black line above the lids. This tends to give the eyes a deep-set appearance and is always used by Garbo in screen make-up. It is the most valuable trick Garbo imitators can adopt.

There was no rouge on the cheeks, but a little dark powder under the cheek-bones made them more pronounced. The face was shortened and made squarer by application of greasepaint under the chin. The style of hairdress likewise served to square the face. The lips were easiest of all—a long thin line above and a full lower lip, drawn down at the corners.

Regardless of the amazing success of this experiment in looking like Garbo, we were not yet thoroughly convinced. The stunt might be accomplished by one actress skilled in the use of make-up, but even by following her formula, could *anyone* do it? Could you or you or you among our feminine readers?

Her Photographer Should Know

WE resolved to discuss the matter more fully with George Hurrell, one of Hollywood's finest camera artists. If anyone can debate the question, it is Hurrell, who, for several years past, has been portrait-cameraman at



Rita La Roy, upper right, proves that even a brunette can look like the Garbo above—with a little make-up emphasis on lips, eyelashes and cheek-bones. Garbo imitators should also know how to shade the eyes just a bit



Right center, Katharine Hepburn, new star, makes many think of Garbo, above—without even trying. Red-headed Peggy Shannon, lower right, achieves the same effect as Garbo below, by a few make-up changes



What Makes Garbo Individual

"EVERYTHING she does is typically Garbo-esque. She works with a characterization until she is the woman she portrays. Then every motion, every thought, every gesture is the character. She does not need to act. She allows her mood to dictate the proper feeling.

"Taking portraits of Garbo is unlike photographing anyone else with whom I have ever worked. There is no

asking her to raise her head or lower it. She simply strikes a pose and holds still until you adjust lights and lens and click the shutter. She poses herself. You merely take the picture. She is like this in all the things she does. Always domi-

At the near right, Lili Damita as her fluffy-haired French self. At far right, how she looks with a Garbo bob and in Garbo tweeds

Sometimes, Garbo must ponder on the changes she has wrought in the appearance of women the world over—just by being Garbo

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and for whom Garbo has posed many times for pictures.

It was Hurrell, if you remember, who first discovered Norma Shearer's allurements. At least, Hurrell was the first to capture that allurements and reproduce it in portraiture. Following the publication of his photographic studies, Norma emerged from her screen chrysalis to become as glamorous a figure as Hollywood boasts to-day. Her "Divorcée" was a far cry from the shop-girls and stenographers she once played.

Having been instrumental in one metamorphosis, Hurrell seemed well qualified to pass upon the still argumentative theory our friend had advanced. Accordingly, we repeated her remarks to him.

"Can anyone look like Garbo?" Hurrell mused. "Yes, I believe that anyone with normal features can be made to resemble Garbo. She could not *be* Garbo, but a passable surface resemblance could be simulated.

"There is, of course, only one Garbo and, regardless of imitations, there will remain only one Garbo. Even her few bitter critics—and they are extremely few in the ranks of her millions of admirers—must admit the woman's exquisite artistry. Make-up, lighting and photography are merely incidental to appearance. Garbo's charm is more fundamental than that. It comes from something within her—something that only she has.



He Ought to Know

George Hurrell, portrait photographer, who has made countless portraits of Garbo, says, "I believe that anyone with normal features can be made to resemble Garbo. She could not *be* Garbo, but a passable surface resemblance could be simulated. A large number of American women openly ape her, peering through half-closed eyes the while."

nant before the camera.

"Lighting Garbo for best results is both simple and complex. Bright lights above her head are imperative. They produce interesting shadows on her face. The complexity comes in

(Continued on page 63)

WALTER HUSTON —The Actor No Moviegoer Really Knows



He is more than an actor—he lives his rôles. It doesn't matter what the rôle is—he becomes that character, and there's not even a trace left of W. Huston, himself. That's why people can't figure out what he must be like in real life. But in this interview he ends the mystery!

By
FAITH SERVICE

WALTER HUSTON said to me, smiling (he's almost always smiling), "I seem to be the man nobody knows. Or, rather, every individual takes me for a different man. I get letters, for instance, from certain groups of people who say that they would never want to know or even to meet up with anyone so brutal as the man in 'Kongo,' or so hypocritical and thoroughly nasty and lustful as the poor devil in 'Rain,' and so on. Others write me that they know I would make the perfect husband and father and friend, because of 'Abraham Lincoln' and 'American Madness.'

"Others, yet again, write that such a poor, besotted weakling as I was in 'The Wet Parade' must, indeed, be a burden to his fellow-men. Still others write letters that are large question marks. They are confused about me, can't seem to place me, to figure me out. They ask, 'What kind of man are you, anyway? Black or white? Beast or human? Saint or devil?'

Huston's Self-Portrait

"I seem to be the man nobody knows. Or, rather, every individual takes me for a different man. People ask, 'What kind of man are you, anyway? Beast or human? Saint or devil?'

"I suppose I'm *most* like the chap in 'American Madness,' though I might not be quite the humanitarian he was.

"He didn't demand too much of life. Neither do I. He believed in people and expected the best of them. So do I. He didn't worry about things he couldn't help. Neither do I. He was roused to action when there was vital need—and I would be likewise.

"The mainspring of my philosophy, if I have one, is never to get off my course. It isn't very difficult.

"The second most important part of my scheme of living is my belief that we should live in the present moment, this day, this hour, *now*.

"This is the satisfying life to me—to be with the woman with whom I can plan and build a life of grace and charm and gentleness, in a home of our own, among the hills and lakes."

"Recently, an oculist here in Los Angeles told my son that he had assured his wife I was really a very kind man—kind to animals, fond of children, a home-builder and a hard worker. I gathered that his wife needed reassurance, especially when she heard that I had made a visit to her husband's office and might make others. This man even went on to convince my son that I was really an awfully decent sort—"

It is true, I believe, that few people know what Walter Huston is really like. He has played such a wide variety of rôles, from the gentle *Lincoln* to the bitter, bestial *Deadlegs Flint* in *Kongo*, that the man, himself, seems to fall somewhere between them all. And because in each part he plays, he merges with such complete identification into the character, it is difficult to imagine when seeing 'Kongo' that you will not meet that scarred soul and crippled body in Mr. Huston, himself; or, when you see 'American Madness,' that he will not present you with a bank or two when you meet him in real life.

The public seems to know most of the players pretty well. They are able, for instance, to estimate Clark Gable for the virile, he-man sort of chap he is, incapable of

(Continued on page 62)

Stars Who for 1932 In

The titles of "best actor" and "best actress" aren't the jealously guards her record of having the smallest waist. have the longest "engagement." Garbo wins as being wounded. And maybe you'll be surprised

By MARK

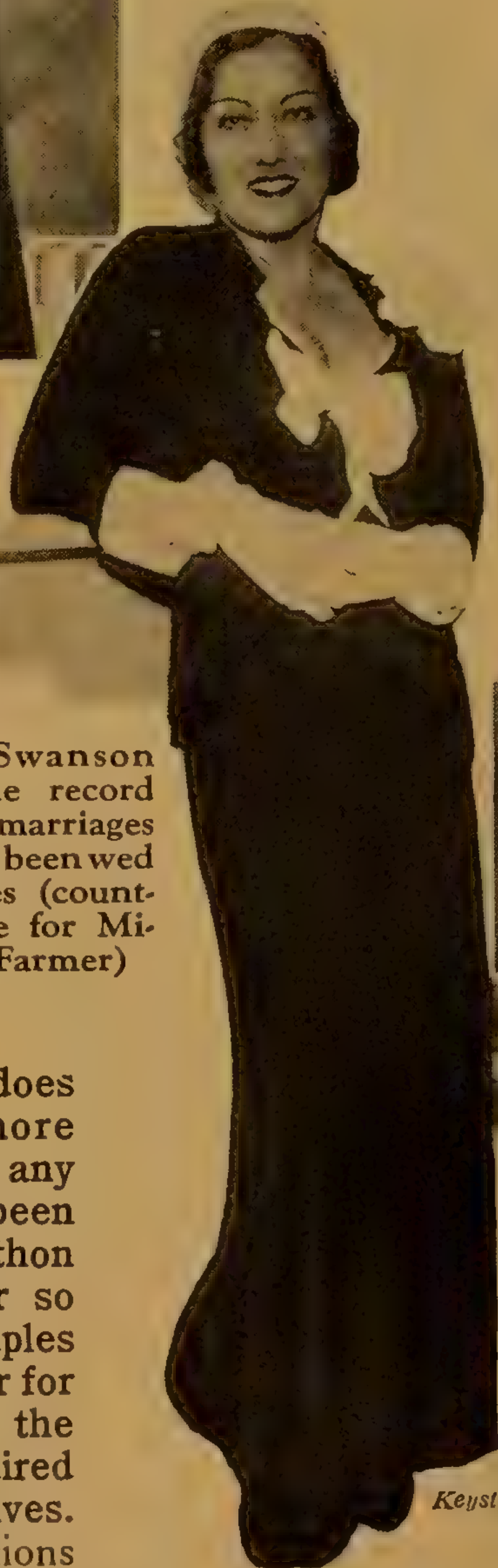


Constance Bennett gets the biggest salary of any woman star—and it's disputed whether she's the most temperamental or the most placid!

RIGHT now the subject that interests the stars most is not contracts, divorces, or other gossip. What they are talking about is record-holders, and all over town you hear players in and out of make-up debating as to which star does something—anything—better, more often, or more persistently than any others. The subject may have been brought up by the recent Marathon Dance held at Santa Monica, for so many stars watched the tired couples dragging 'round and 'round the floor for a money prize and the title of the strongest dancers that they acquired a little of the contest spirit themselves.

Anyone who thinks the conversations are calm, or that the titles are awarded without argument would be wrong, because the honors—all the way from the best polo-player to the male star who is most adept at shooting craps—are hotly contested. Apparently, movie stars cling to their records just as eagerly as flag-pole sitters and hog-callers, and the only ones allowed to stand without a dissenting voice are those nominated by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Last year, as everyone knows, the prizes for the *best acting* were awarded to Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore,

Gloria Swanson holds the record for most marriages—having been wed five times (counting twice for Michael Farmer)



Keystone

and all Hollywood agrees that they were richly deserved.

The *most headlines* record was also easily decided, for since the tragic death of her husband, Paul Bern, Jean Harlow has been mentioned in heavy black print in every newspaper in the country, through no efforts of her own. Charlie Chaplin, whose trip around the world was worth space to every news association, comes a close second, and Greta Garbo is third. Most of the columns about the mysterious Swede, by the way, were devoted to the people she dodged on her way to Sweden.

Chaplin the Richest Star

THE *richest star* was nominated by the County Assessor, when he decided that Charlie Chaplin should be taxed for just \$7,687,570



And guess who's the most intellectual! Edward G. ("Little Caesar") Robinson, above. Mary Pickford entertains the most royalty, is the most superstitious and one of the wealthiest



Hold Records Hollywood

only ones the stars fight about. Bette Davis, for instance, Jeanette MacDonald and Alice White are duelling to the least quoted, and Tom Mix as being the most to learn who's the most intellectual!

DOWLING

worth of stocks and bonds. (Strangely enough, this was a title Charlie didn't seem to want at all.) Mary Pickford, even though she hasn't been making many pictures of late, comes second, and her husband Douglas Fairbanks, is third, making them the *richest family* of the screen.

The *shortest marriage* record was not so hotly contested as you might suppose, since everyone agreed that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, who told it to a judge just the other day, won the title hands down. They stuck it out together just six months. This contrasts with the *longest marriage* in Hollywood owned by George Arliss, who has been wed to the same wife for some thirty-three years. Next come the Gleasons, Jimmie and Lucille, who celebrated their Silver Anniversary a year ago.

The *most marriages* is something else again, and we find Gloria Swanson (who has heard the wedding bells four times) running neck and neck with



Janet Gaynor is this year's winner as the most popular at the box-office—a title you gave her, yourself. And Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller gets the prize for best physique. Also, some say he is the least sophisticated star

A mere male, James Dunn (left), holds the record for most "engagements." Most have been only rumored, but that's not Jimmy's fault



Fraker

Lilyan Tashman is still hailed as "the best-dressed star," though some of the other girls claim she just changes her clothes oftener than they do

John Gilbert, who said "I do" for the fourth time when he married Virginia Bruce. Maybe Gloria deserves first prize all by herself, however, since she married her last husband, Michael Farmer, a second time to be sure it was legal.

The *most engaged* player in films is not so easy to decide as it would have been back in the days when Clara Bow was announcing to the world her intention to wed a different man every half-hour or so. Joan Crawford would have come in for second honors before Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., removed her from the competition. Now it seems that James Dunn, a mere male, is ahead of the field. His latest flame is Maureen O'Sullivan, though that may have gone cold by the time you read

this. Before Maureen, Jimmy went places with Molly O'Day and June Knight, to mention one or two.

Engaged the Longest

THE *longest engagement* is easily settled, since Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie have been "that way" for five years without visiting a minister—or ever admitting it if they have. Runners-up are Alice White and Cy
(Continued on page 64)

You're In For Some New Kinds of Chills!

Movie producers have been asking what you want them to do. "Scare us!" seems to be the answer. They'll do their best in 1933! In one thriller, a giant ape gets loose in New York. In another, a mad doctor develops animals into humans. In a third, a mummy rises from the tomb. In a fourth, a maniac has a museum of corpses. Horror pictures? You haven't seen anything yet!



Fletcher

SHRIEKS and screams fill the air. Grotesque and gruesome monsters parade the Boulevard. You wouldn't know the old place. They call it Horror-wood these days.

"Scare us," said the great American public when asked to express a preference in motion picture entertainment recently. So the studios are vying to out-frighten one another. They are calling into play all of the tricks of the trade, the illusions created by greasepaint and camera, and a new era of awe holds sway. And, as is always the case in cycles, one good scare deserves another.

If you thrilled at "Frankenstein," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Dracula," "The Most Dangerous Game," "The Old Dark House," "Doctor X," "Freaks" and the rest of their ilk, just wait. You ain't seen nothing yet.

Over at Radio, they are putting the finishing touches on a super-thriller titled "King Kong." At Universal, a

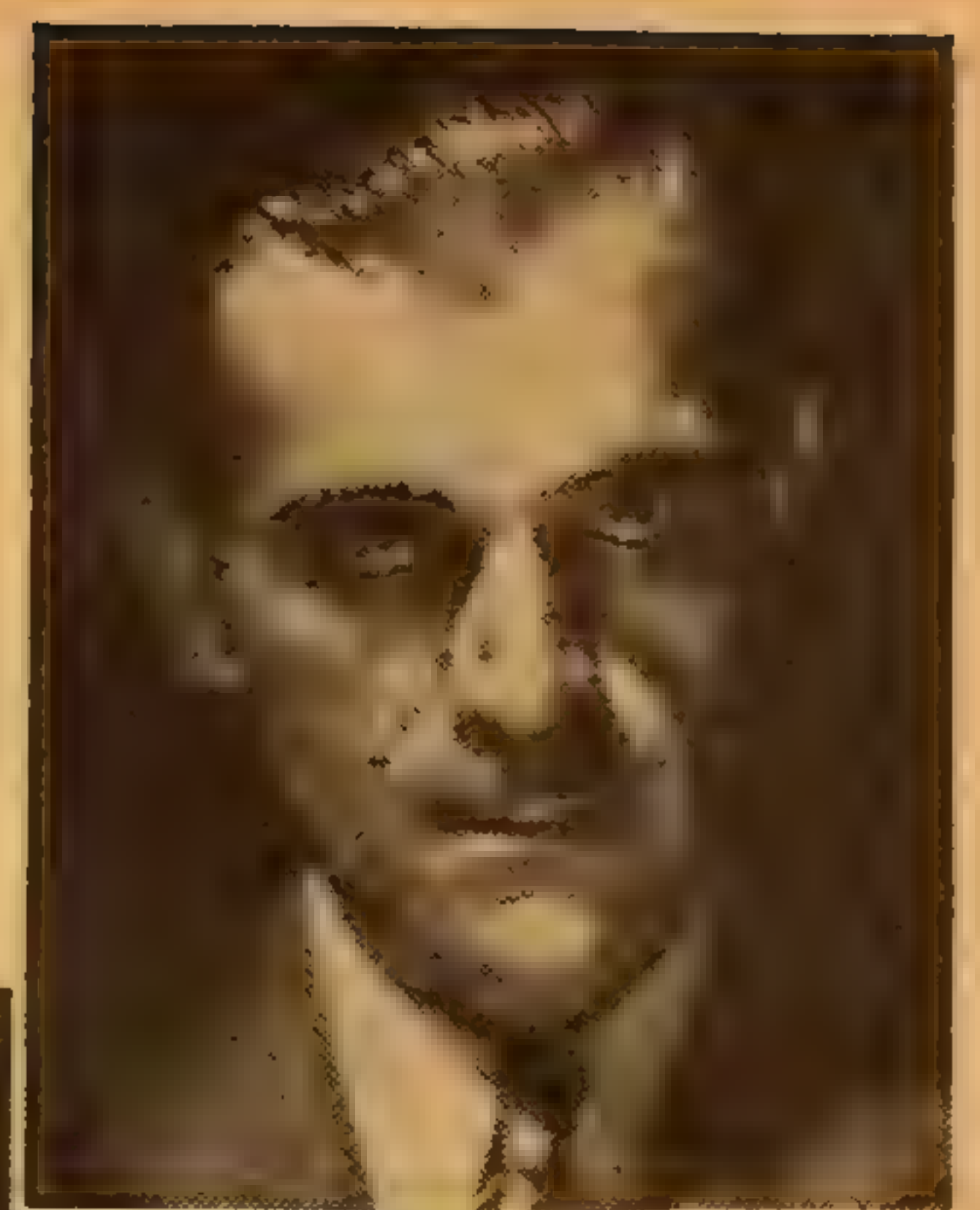


mummy has come to life in "The Mummy." At Warners-First National, terror runs rampant in "The Wax Museum." At Paramount, monkeys become men on "The Island of Lost Souls." At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Oriental mysticism and torture lurk behind "The Mask of Fu Manchu." At Fox, a dead man has been returned to life and given "Six Hours to Live."

Of course, all these sets are barred and bolted. Guards enforce the "No Visitors" rule, even applying it to visiting newspapermen. Still, there are ways and means—par-

If coffee doesn't keep you awake, try some of the new movies. They ought to do the trick! Across the center, you see the monster ape in "King Kong" about to get Fay Wray in his clutches. Upper left, Bramwell Fletcher heads for insanity as he sees "The Mummy" come to life and reach for the scroll that tells how to bring back the dead. Left, an animal that has been changed into a man reverts to blood-lust in "The Island of Lost Souls"

At the far right is that horror expert, Boris Karloff, who is now a star and has dropped the "Boris" to make "Karloff" more sonorous. And at the near right, as the mummy that comes to life in "The Mummy"



By
GRANT
JACKSON



ticularly, if one is not averse to peeking through keyholes. We are not admitting how we saw what we did see. But if you want to look, too, come along.

How One Big Thriller Began

A GREATER amount of secrecy has surrounded the production of "King Kong" than any other picture in Hollywood history.

More than two years ago, there was talk that Radio was to make a story titled "Creation." Direct inquiry as to the truth of the report brought veiled intimations that such might be the case. But no one would issue a definite statement about what was happening.

(Continued on page 66)



Above, "The Monster" (Lionel Atwill) visits a morgue to snatch a corpse that he may cover with wax to represent a famous person in "The Wax Museum." Left, Myrna Loy looks on at the torture of Charles Starrett in "The Mask of Fu Manchu"

BOOTS MALLORY—She's a Star After One Picture!



Where did she get the name of "Boots"? Her stepfather called her that "because Patricia was too dignified." But where did she learn to act? Even Boots doesn't know the answer to that one!

Phyfe

By

ELISABETH GOLDBECK

BOOTS MALLORY, of the early-marrying Mallorys of New Orleans, Louisiana, needs a lot of introducing. There's always the danger of confusing her with Poodles Hanaford or Peanuts Byron. And moreover, Ziegfeld beauties always get plenty of publicity, but even Boots' most enthusiastic boosters, when she was decorating "Hot-Cha" last Fall on the New York stage, never dreamed that within a year she'd be out in Hollywood, playing the dramatic lead in a Von Stroheim picture. Miracles like that require a little explaining.

Boots' screen career was accomplished with the same effortless efficiency that has been applied to all the big moments of her life. Up to the time Winfield Sheehan saw her screen test, Boots had taken no part in the conversation in any of her theatrical engagements. She hadn't even danced. She was strictly a visual treat for the visiting business men. And what a treat! Miss Mallory looks like a discreet blend of several familiar ingénues, coming nearest to being a cross between Mary Brian and Madge Evans—which is no mean feat.

A bride at 16, a star at 20—that's the record, to date, of this baffling blonde from New Orleans. Fox looked upon her and said, "Just the Boots for 'Walking Down Broadway.'" And now any girl would like to be in the boots of this Ziegfeld beauty, who never really "acted" before and almost turned down a contract! The boys in the gallery will cheer for Miss Mallory!

Her blonde hair, candid gray eyes, and perfect teeth make it easier to understand her ascent into the movie heavens, but they don't entirely explain how she became an actress overnight.

"I never had any lines to speak," Boots says vaguely. "No, I didn't dance. And I didn't sing—alone," and the puzzled listener finally gets the idea that maybe she was a show-girl.

She's Just Naturally Baffling

BOOTTS has a most baffling personality. There's no way of telling whether she's hypnotized or unusually smart, shy or supremely self-possessed. She looks and talks like an ingénue, as is her privilege at the tender age of twenty, but somehow she doesn't quite use the familiar baby-star routine. She's either very cagy, or very uncertain of herself, and your guess is as good as mine.

"It must be youth," you finally sigh, and give up trying to pigeon-hole a personality that apparently hasn't jelled into any of the accepted molds.

When Boots blandly announces that she has been married for four years, you feel a distinct shock. But she is a child-bride by inheritance, and takes it very calmly. Her mother started marrying at 16, and had one child by her first husband and three by her third, which makes her the mother of four at the ripe old age of thirty-six.

Boots' sister ran away from boarding-school and married when she was seventeen. And her grandmother started marrying so early in life that by the time Boots took her first husband four years ago, her grandma was just wedding her second husband. It was almost a double wedding.

"I think all Southern girls marry young," said Boots tranquilly. "They mature so early. I was the only child of my mother's first marriage. Father and Mother were divorced—it was a runaway marriage based on an infatuation that didn't last long—and later Father died. I didn't know him at all.

(Continued on page 57)

♦ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ♦



A pretty parcel post package! Universal sent Gloria Stuart to the New York premiere of "Air Mail" by buying \$250 worth of stamps and "air-mailing" her



Acme

While you're reading about the first snowfalls in Minnesota and Maine, take a look at the kind of coasting the girls are doing in California! Jennie Cramer, Georgia Coleman and Eleanor Holm—three champion swimmers who are all getting movie chances—limber up their leg muscles for a swimming meet at Palm Springs



Only a few months ago, Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver were smiling together like this. Now they are parting in a surprise divorce. See story page 27



See the medal on Constance Bennett's shoulder (right)? It's that rare distinction—the Distinguished Service Medal. The American Legion awarded it to Connie on her recent trip to New York for her services in behalf of the Legion's Welfare and Relief Fund



When Kathleen Burke, Chicago beauty, won a big movie chance as the Panther Woman in "Island of Lost Souls," Glen A. Hardin followed her to Hollywood—just to make sure he wouldn't lose her to some movie Romeo. Now they're marrying



Above, Belle Bennett as she appeared in one of her last talkies, "Recaptured Love." But most people remember her as *Stella Dallas*

BELLE BENNETT, FAMOUS SCREEN "MOTHER," DIES AT AGE OF FORTY-ONE

Actress, Whose Own Life Was More Dramatic—And Perhaps Even More Tragic—Than Her Memorable Role of "Stella Dallas," Returns To Hollywood To Be With Friends During Her Last Days

By EVELYN DERR

life, when she died in the middle of it, at forty-one. Born in Dublin, she knew the foot-lights at the early age of two, when she was a "prop" baby, who took poses for "living statuary" in her father's tent-show. She left school to marry William Howard

day that "Stella Dallas," her greatest picture, was scheduled to start, Teddy died suddenly from blood poisoning from an infected finger. And as he died, he called her "Mother." The next day, all Hollywood wept with Belle, as she cried broken-heartedly, "If I had only let him call me 'Mother'! He hated to pretend I was his sister."

Though Teddy was the only real son of Belle Bennett, an adopted son, William, was with her, along with her second husband, Fred Windermere, when she died. In her short lifetime, her warm mother heart led her to adopt or to care for many unwanted babies, whom she fed and schooled and started out in life. One report puts the number of her foster-children at twenty-seven!

Three years ago, Belle was examined by doctors and told that she must undergo an operation. She was in the midst of money worries at the time, and, in addition, had a hatred of surgery, which was contrary to her religious beliefs. She determined to fight off her trouble by her own strength of will. This strength of will was amazing. She opened a quaint restaurant near Hollywood, called "Grandma's Place" and featuring old-fashioned cooking. But this venture failed. Between attacks of pain, she toured the country on personal appearance tours, and worked desperately, refusing to recognize her growing weakness. When, at last, there was no denying her state, it was too late for surgery.

Many a young actor and actress in the movies owe a debt to Belle Bennett's memory. William Bakewell was one of her protégés whom she interested herself in starting on the screen.



Left, Belle Bennett in one of her early silent pictures, "East Lynne." Above, as the gay, young girl of the early scenes of "Stella Dallas"

BELLE BENNETT went home to Hollywood to die. She never said so. She never mentioned the name of the dread disease that had ravaged the beauty that all the world loved in "Stella Dallas." But when she saw that she was waging an unsuccessful fight in New York, she had herself carried aboard an airplane and taken back to the place that had brought her fame and fortune, sorrow and despair.

Mary Pickford met the 'plane when it landed and took Belle in her own car to the hospital. There, ensconced in luxury, surrounded with flowers and visited daily by Mary, Ruth Roland and her other friends, the woman whose mother rôles on the screen were unimportant alongside the mother rôle she played in real life passed away quietly, almost happily.

Belle Bennett had had a strange

Macy at the amazing age of twelve. And at fourteen she had a son, Teddy.

This was the boy, handsome and gifted, whom Hollywood always knew as Belle Bennett's brother. Belle felt, as so many actresses felt in those days, that if the public thought of her as a mother, she could no longer play young rôles. But her true motherhood came to the fore when, on the

MAE WEST IS ROBBED OF FAMOUS DIAMONDS IN DARING HOLD-UP

Nervous Racketeer Makes Stage Actress, Who Won Fame As "Diamond Lil". And Is Now In Movies, Hand Over Jewels—Helene Costello Also Victim of Jewel Thieves

By DOROTHY DONNELL



IN "Night After Night," Mae West—imported from Broadway, where she was famous for her rôle of "Diamond Lil"—played the associate of racketeers and robbers. Now she is wondering if there might not have been some real racketeer playing "extra" in the picture, who noticed her habit of wearing a great deal of valuable jewelry.

Though Mae has been a conspicuous figure on Broadway and in New York theatrical life for several years, this is the first time she has ever been robbed. "And he must have been an amateur," Mae says. "He was so nervous that I didn't wait a moment before handing over the jewels; because I thought if I tried to talk him out of it, he would probably hit me over the head and maybe mar my face." (The actress' first thought!)

"Toss out that poke and those rocks!" the robber demanded huskily, as Mae sat in her parked limousine. The "poke" contained thirty-four hundred dollars, which Mae had withdrawn from the bank the previous day and was planning to telegraph East that same night. The "rocks" consisted of a spectacular diamond necklace that hung almost to her waist, a diamond bracelet and a ring. These jewels, together with a huge brooch of the same dazzling stones, a wrist-watch and another ring, were familiar to studio employees, as Mae had often worn them to work and had used them as part of her costume in "Night After Night."

Valued at sixteen thousand dollars, the sparklers that were stolen carried no insurance. For several years Mae kept them in a safe deposit vault in Chicago; but on her way to the Coast, she stopped off and took out her jewels, thinking she was going to a safe small town. She was negotiating for insurance on them when the

Upper right, Mae West as the speakeasy hostess in "Night After Night." In this rôle, she wore the stolen necklace (right)



Someone familiar with Mae's habits robbed her. Besides the jewels, she lost \$3,400 she had just withdrawn

robbery occurred, but had none yet.

Oddly enough, though Mae West is the author of many plays about Broadway night-life, she is seldom a part of the social scene, herself. She works almost every evening on some play, novel or scenario (she has written the script of her next picture, "Honky Tonk," herself), and appears in public places very little. And though jewel robberies are an old actress' gag, and are regarded suspiciously by reporters, there seems no doubt that this one was not a press-agent's inspiration, but a real and painful fact.

Exactly one week after Mae West was robbed, the home of Helene Costello was ransacked by three men wearing dark goggles as a disguise. "Do you know where Heaven

is?" they asked the Filipino house boy who answered their ring.

"Yes-y-y-yes!" trembled the boy. They tied him up with picture wire and adhesive tape and ransacked Helene's dressing-room at their leisure, carrying away a twenty-one-carat diamond-and-platinum bracelet, a necklace and lavalier, valued at thirty-five thousand dollars.

"They were especially designed in Paris," Helene says, "and are so unusual that the robbers will have a hard time disposing of them over here—or abroad either."

Hollywood a small town? Nonsense! It has night life, jewel robberies, gangland threats, and everything. (P. S. Practically every star in town now has a guard—or is thinking of hiring one.)

Nothing like a reign of terror prevails in the movie capital, but the stars are getting nervous about being out alone at night—or leaving their homes unguarded. Prominent picture people who have been robbed in recent months are such known personages as Jeanette MacDonald, Zepo Marx, Carmel Myers, Marian Nixon, Constance Talmadge and Josef von Sternberg. Several stars, like Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, George Bancroft, Lita Grey Chaplin and Marion Davies, have had scares.



Helene Costello's home was ransacked by three robbers, who took \$35,000 in jewels

NEWEST CHILD "FIND" OF FILMS WAS GASSED WITH BONUS ARMY



Left, the "gas attack" on the bonus veterans at Washington by soldiers of the regular army, wearing masks

Right, mothers and children who were driven out of the B. E. F. camp. Dorothy Jean, not in this group, was in a hospital instead



Acme

TWO hundred babies of assorted colors, shapes and sizes filled the anteroom of the Jack Hays "Baby Star" studio, while their mothers looked on proudly. The producer was searching for a two-year-old who spoke plainly and could be taught actual lines.

"My name," said a small, chubby, blonde baby with ringlets, "is Dor-o-ty Jean Ham-il-ton, and I want to act in the moo-vees ver-ry much."

Studio officials looked at one another. Here was a find! None of the "Baby Stars" is more than six. The leading man is three. And here was

Dorothy Jean Hamilton (Right), A Two-Year-Old Who Talks Like Ruth Chatterton, Becomes The Youngest "Baby Star"—And Then Studio Learns Of Her Dramatic Life-Story—Her Father A War Veteran

By JERRY BANNON

an ingénue of two who spoke like Ruth Chatterton! They told the mother, who carried a still smaller baby in her arms, "We are going to give her a contract."

For answer, the mother burst into tears. "You have no idea what this means to us," she told them. "We

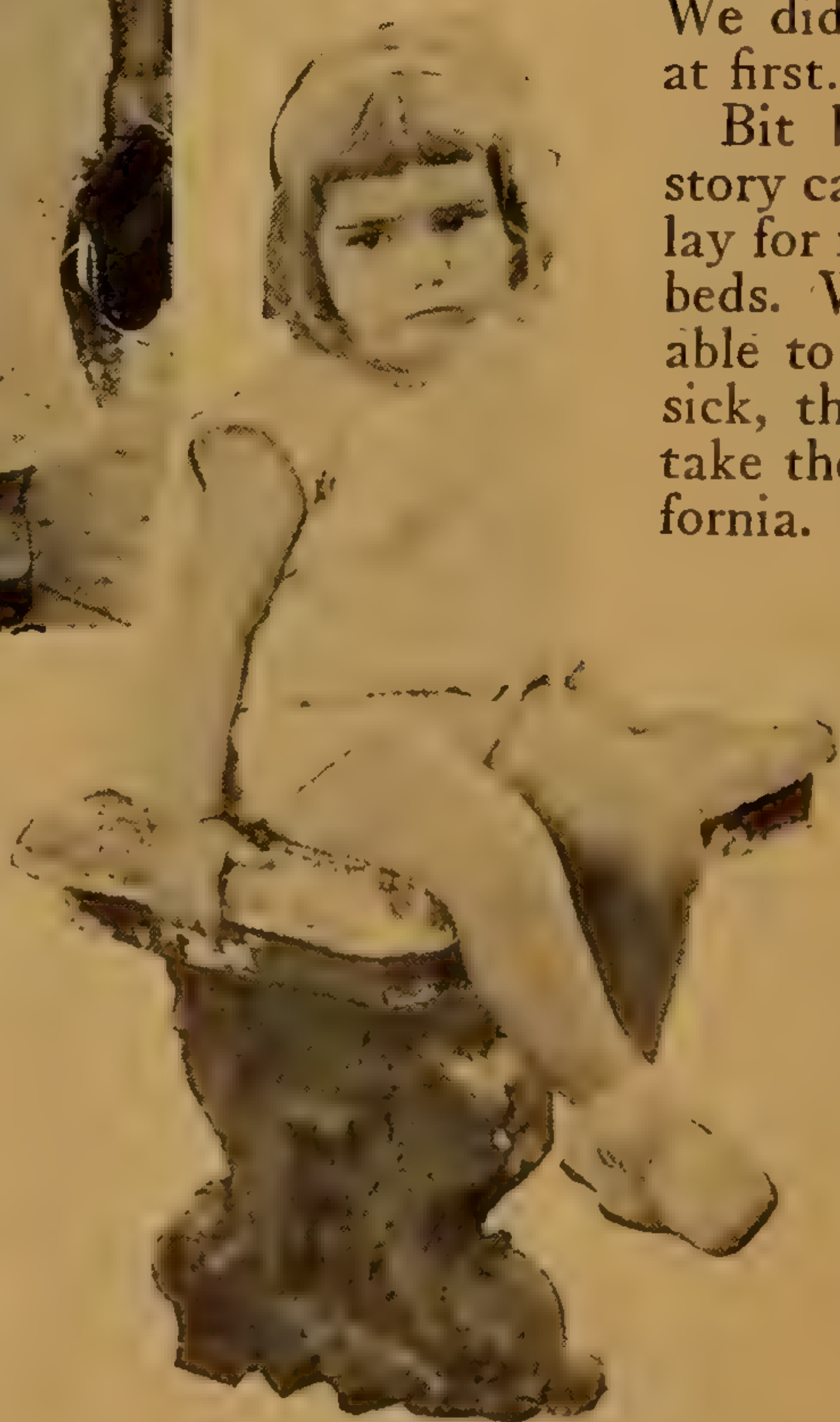
have had such bad luck. We were with the Bonus Army, you see—their father is Sergeant Benjamin Hamilton—and the two babies were gassed when they drove the veterans out of the camp. We didn't think they'd live at first."

Bit by bit, the dramatic story came out. The children lay for many days in hospital beds. When they were finally able to leave, still weak and sick, there was no money to take the family back to California. Their parents hitch-

hiked with them as far as Chicago, where their plight attracted the attention of a reporter, as they sat on their pitiful bundles of possessions on Lake Shore Drive. Newspapers caught up the case. A wealthy man read of them, and furnished the family with the money for railroad

fare back to their home state.

Now, the troubles of the "Bonus Babies" seem to be over. Dotty is a movie star. But she has not forgotten. After being gassed with the Bonus Army, nothing that Hollywood has to offer should faze Dorothy Jean, newest of the very new "Baby Stars"!



MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU WONDERS WHY HUSBAND NOW WANTS DIVORCE

Actor's Wife (Kathryn Carver) Admits Rift, But Claims She Does Not Know Reason For It—Couple Recently Had "Second Honeymoon"

BY MADGE TENNANT

HOLLYWOOD divorces always seem to surprise somebody, but here is a divorce that was a surprise even to the wife. Kathryn Carver Menjou insisted that she had not the slightest idea of what made Adolphe pack his things hurriedly one evening and move over to the house of his mother, Mrs. Nora Menjou.

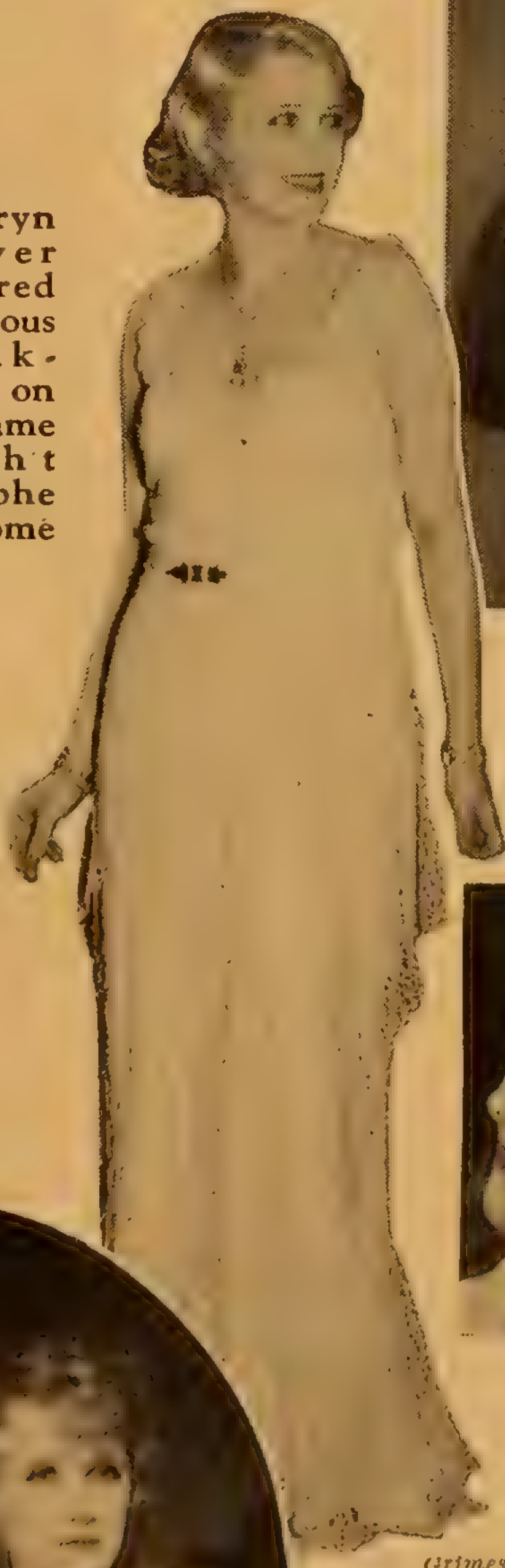
"I'll bite—what is it all about?" Kathryn said. "It all seems so vague to me. I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when we returned from Europe a few months ago—and I still don't feel myself. Until I get better, nothing is being done. I guess a divorce is inevitable."

A friend relates that Adolphe left without explanation, and that it was that same evening that Kathryn entered a hospital "for a complete rest." She adds: "Kathryn still loves him. When she read the divorce stories in the newspapers, she called his mother and tried to find out what was the matter, offering to make any amends if she had been at fault."

Adolphe Menjou, then divorced two years from his former wife, Katherine Tinsley, to whom he had long been married, wed Kathryn Carver, divorced wife of Ira Hill, New York photographer, in Paris in May, 1928. Kathryn had been his leading lady in several pictures, and was just beginning to win great popularity for her blonde beauty. Agreeing with his theory that two careers in one family were a threat to happy marriage, she left the screen.

Adolphe, friends say, was several

Kathryn Carver suffered a nervous breakdown on the same night Adolphe left home



Grimes

Kathryn reveals that Adolphe often looked at watch when they "stepped out," as at left



years older than his lovely bride. Perhaps the difference in years may have had something to do with the gradual estrangement of the couple which, though unguessed by friends, apparently has been going on for a long time. Adolphe, himself, remarked to a newspaper woman, following his departure from home, "It has been



Hurrell

Adolphe Menjou, famous for his dress-suit rôles, hates social events in private life—as was brought out when he and his first wife, Katherine Tinsley, below, were divorced. Did his love of privacy lead to second divorce?



Richee

coming on for years. She is a lovely girl, but we were not suited to each other."

Menjou, despite his suave, dress-suit characterizations, had little liking for the social life his young and pretty second wife loved. Whenever they started out for a dinner engagement, she related once to a friend, he would look at his wrist-watch and ask, "What's the earliest we can get away?" At the time of his first divorce, it was revealed that he preferred to spend his evenings at home, reading.

Recently, Kathryn Carver Menjou has been threatened with illness. Their recent trip abroad was, it is said, a sort of second honeymoon after a slight tiff such as most married couples have, and it was hoped that the trip might improve her health. But in New York she visited a doctor who advised her to go back home to California and take a complete rest. As a result either of the examination of her own physicians or of the shock caused by her husband's sudden departure from their home, she suffered a nervous breakdown.



Right, the newest portrait of Pauline Starke. Above, Betty Compson, then the wife of James Cruze, who replaced Pauline opposite Eric von Stroheim in "The Great Gabbo"

PAULINE STARKE CLAIMS CAREER WAS INJURED BY DIRECTOR'S REMARK

Actress, Missing From Screen For Some Time, Wins Suit For Salary Against James Cruze, Who Claimed She "Couldn't Remember Lines"



Cannons

By JANET BURDEN

PAULINE STARKE has just won a judgment of \$6,030 against the James Cruze Corporation after two years—two years that saw her exit as a popular screen star and her establishment as a stage star. The six thousand dollars represent the balance of the salary Cruze contracted to pay her as the leading lady of his picture, "The Great Gabbo"; the sum does not represent the loss of the movie salaries she might have been making ever since the day when she was removed from the picture "because she couldn't learn her lines."

To-day Pauline Starke is even more beautiful than she was in her heyday on the screen. She

has just completed a triumphant run of one hundred and eighty-three performances in "Zombie" on the stage, and several studios are anxious, it is said, to use her for a picture, but the legend fastened on her two years ago still persists: "She can't remember lines."

Here is "the inside story" of the testimony at the Academy "trial," as related to this reporter by George Sherwood, Pauline's manager.

James Cruze and Betty Compson were married at the time of "The Great Gabbo," but it was one of those on-again-off-again things. At the moment when the picture was scheduled to start, it was apparently

suited him. He demanded endless changes in dialogue and delivery of lines, until Pauline was so confused that she was on the verge of hysterics. Then he shouted that since she didn't seem able to remember what she was to say, they would write her speech on von Stroheim's shirt front! And the next day, he telephoned her to say that since she seemed unable to remember lines, he would have to let her go—and that Betty Compson was replacing her.

That was the testimony that won Pauline her judgment in the new private court of Hollywood, the Motion Picture Academy, which heard both sides of the case.

Pauline smiles, "I have never forgotten any of my lines in 'Zombie'; and I can repeat even now, two years later, the speech that Cruze had written on von Stroheim's shirt bosom in that close-up love scene! I even made two talking pictures after that without any forgotten lines, before the story of my experience with 'The Great Gabbo' got around and terrified the studios."

She hopes that, now, she can resume her screen career where she left off.



Director James Cruze claimed that Pauline couldn't remember her lines for "The Great Gabbo." (P. S. His wife got the job)



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ANITA PAGE

Bet you wouldn't have known who this was if we hadn't told you first thing! Anita is changing so radically that even her best boy-friends aren't sure they know her these days. And it isn't just a caprice on Anita's part—the change is all part of her campaign to be elected to bigger and more emotional rôles. It's no deep, dark secret that Anita, who has warm Spanish blood in her veins, is tiring of playing mild little ingénues. With her hair parted in the middle and a coy shoulder exposed, she's vamping Old Man Opportunity!

Tzamourak



Ray Jones

In her first American picture, "The Doomed Battalion," this exotic Viennese was a peasant and a prisoner of war in the snow-covered Alps. In her second, "Nagana," she goes to the opposite extreme—being a lady of fashion (as well as passion) and a prisoner of love in equatorial Africa. For almost a year the Laemmles have been seeking "the right rôle" for their find—and here it is!

TALA BIRELL



Bachrach

LUPE VELEZ

Off the screen, Lupe may adopt a little girl and become a fond "mama," but before the cameras she's still a sirenish señorita, mucha caliente. (That's Spanish for "hot-cha.") In "Phantom Fame," for instance, she is a high-pressure carnival dancer who nabs a chunk of Broadway fame. Next she'll be causing dissension between Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "Hell to Pay"



Hopcraft



Fryer



When they aren't bagging big rôles, Hollywood's new big shots are out for other "big" game. Cary Grant (top left), Sylvia Sidney's hero in "Madame Butterfly," hits for the High Sierras, loaded for bear. George Brent (top right), before starting "Luxury Liner," had the quail quailing. Clark Gable (above) is sniffing gunpowder even between scenes of "No Man of Her Own." Bette Davis (right), heroine of "Parachute Jumper," plans to have duck for Christmas!

IT'S OPEN SEASON FOR BIG SHOTS



Longworth



Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

Now is the time for some good poet to come to the aid of his country, and write an ode to the wistfulness of Loretta. When she puts her mind to it, Loretta can be beautifully sad—as she proved in "Life Begins" (and won stardom). But why so sad now, Loretta? Think of this—the youth of others may go, but you will be ever Young! Can "Employees' Entrance" be making you poignant?



WYNNE GIBSON

Wynne has won her way to the threshold of stardom in an unusual manner—by playing slightly soiled ladies whose vocabularies are crisp, like their manners, but likable ladies for all that. Wynne—some, you might say. And the latest in her gallery of vivid portraits is the rôle of Violet in "If I Had a Million," in which practically every player on the Paramount lot takes part. Up at the top, for contrast's sake, is the different, real-life Wynne—the girl who goes horse-back-riding up at Lake Arrowhead with Cary Grant between pictures.

Is there romance in the air?

Hollywood's Own Slant on GEORGE RAFT

Besides being a romantic menace on the screen, he's a man of mystery off the screen. Either on or off, he's the kind you talk about. In fact, there's a rumor that the name of Raft is supplanting the name of Gable on America's tongue. And if the rest of the world is chanting his praises, what is Hollywood saying about him? Here are its private, confidential comments!

EVER since they watched him toss a coin in the air and saw him "die" the most memorable "death" of the year in "Scarface," Americans have been George Raft-conscious. A big argument flared up as to whether or not he was the successor to Rudolph Valentino, who once tried to get George into the movies to play his brother in a film. George, himself, made fun of the debate.

Interviewers, positive that he must have a colorful past, swooped down upon him—and he revealed that he had once danced for profit, along with Valentino, in New York cafés. Beyond that, he told them just enough to keep his mystery and whet everybody's curiosity. Off the screen, he became the victim of one romance rumor after another. On the screen, he went on being a romantic menace in "Taxi," "Dancers in the Dark," "Night World," "Love Is a Racket," "Madame Racketeer" and, finally, as the star of "Night After Night."

There's no question but what he rates with critics and the movie-going public. But what does Hollywood say about him? What do other stars (some of them his rivals), and directors, and people who know him off the screen think of him as an actor and as a personality? It stands to reason that if we wanted their frank opinions, we couldn't tell them they were talking for publication. Their comments here, therefore,



Jotted down
by

DOROTHY
MANNERS

were dropped casually, not for any audience. Which makes them all the more worth hearing:

Paul Muni (star of Raft's first screen success, "Scarface"): "What do I think about George Raft as an actor? Say, I don't have much time to worry about George. I've got my hands full trying to put over *Muni*!"

Karen Morley (also of "Scarface"): "George Raft is a tremendous screen personality, but don't let anybody tell you that he isn't an unusually fine actor. I wonder why it is that most people hate to admit that a man can be a 'personality' and an actor at the same time. Maybe they feel the combination is too much luck—for one man."

Doug Praises Raft
Ballyhoo

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: "The Paramount publicity department can step up and take a bow on the great amount of interest they have created in George Raft, who has made only seven or eight pictures. It is comparable to the great build-up campaign waged by M-G-M for Clark Gable. Don't mis-

understand. I'm taking nothing away from either of these men as actors and great personalities. But the fact that their respective studios have 'told the world' about them hasn't hurt anything, either."

Jean Harlow: "The first I ever heard about Mr. Raft was, 'He is a great personality.' Since the release of 'Night

(Continued on page 67)

JOAN CRAWFORD, the Star Who Never Rests

You don't know what ambition is until you meet Joan Crawford. She's incapable of being satisfied with herself. If she reaches one goal, she forgets about it—and pushes on toward a new one. "Fame and money aren't enough," says Joan, who tells, in this frank interview, what she wants from life. Also, she spikes those rumors that her ambition is interfering with a happy marriage!



Hurrell

Joan reads continually. Books aid her ambition

heavy for the screen, she went for three years without really eating a full meal.

Joan has put on weight, after all her deprivations, for the sake of her ambition. When she knew she was to play *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," she wanted *Sadie* to be slightly plump and blowsy, ever so slightly hippy. She ate, though it choked her, and gained the desired weight.

We all know how Joan has re-created herself—from the hot-cha girl of a few years ago to the poised, controlled and dominant woman she is to-day. The transformations of Joan have been written and rewritten. Back of those transformations was, and is, the burning fire of her ambition.

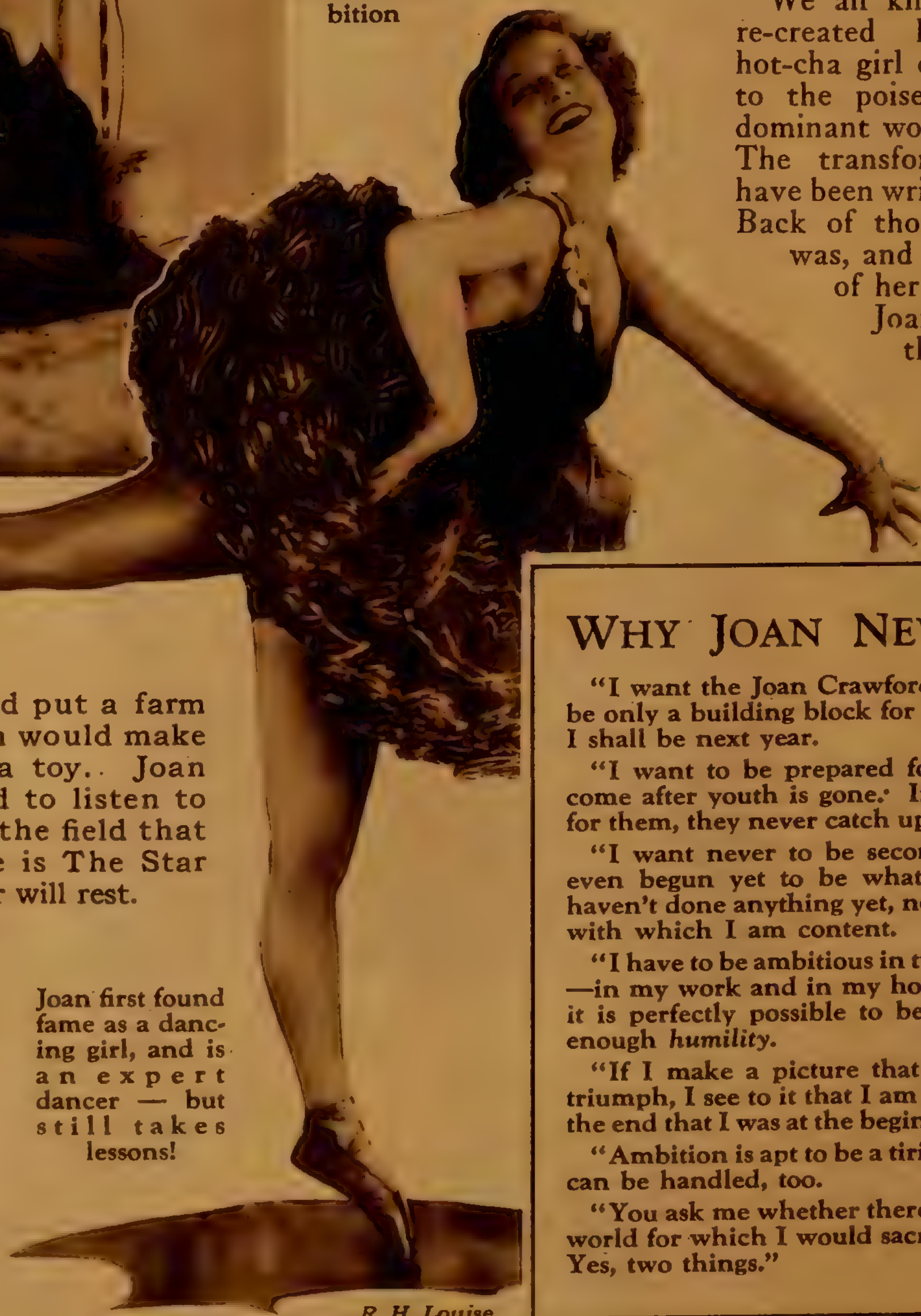
Joan does not know the meaning of dalliance, of play-time. She never takes a vacation as other

JOAN CRAWFORD would put a farm woman to shame. Joan would make a treadmill look like a toy. Joan has never even stopped to listen to the tale of the lilies of the field that neither toil nor spin. She is The Star Who Never Rests—and never will rest.

Ambition burns in the heart of Joan like a consuming white flame and from her heart it devours her face, revealing the tragic bone-structure. It makes of her eyes ravenous pools of an incredible immensity. Her mouth has the insatiable look of one who is forever seeking.

Joan has starved for the sake of her ambition. When, a few years ago, she was too

Joan first found fame as a dancing girl, and is an expert dancer — but still takes lessons!



R. H. Louise

WHY JOAN NEVER RESTS

"I want the Joan Crawford I am this year to be only a building block for the Joan Crawford I shall be next year.

"I want to be prepared for those years that come after youth is gone." If you are prepared for them, they never catch up to you.

"I want never to be second-best. I haven't even begun yet to be what I want to be. I haven't done anything yet, not one single thing, with which I am content.

"I have to be ambitious in two ways, you know—in my work and in my home. I believe that it is perfectly possible to be both if you have enough humility.

"If I make a picture that is something of a triumph, I see to it that I am the same person at the end that I was at the beginning.

"Ambition is apt to be a tiring thing. But that can be handled, too.

"You ask me whether there is anything in the world for which I would sacrifice my ambition. Yes, two things."

people mean vacations. She never simply rests. There are no breakfast trays in bed for Joan. There are no afternoon bridge parties. There is none of the frittering away of time indulged in by other girls—girls who haven't begun to ascend the ladder mounted by Joan.

Joan's Busy Day

JOAN rises at six-thirty every morning, whether she is making a picture or not. She has an hour of setting-up exercises. She eats a light breakfast. She sees to her household, orders menus, checks over her dates for the week, consults with Douglas on his preference for this or that plan. If she is not making a picture, she takes a two-hour dancing lesson. Joan has danced for years. The average girl would suppose that Joan danced more than well enough. There is no such thing as "well enough" for Joan. The ambition that consumes her has nothing to do with second-best. She must have perfection or nothing. She never takes nothing.



C. S. Bull



Miehle

After dieting three years, Joan added weight to play Sadie Thompson, above. Left, she defies self-consciousness in her new 1890 evening ensemble. At top, the latest portrait of Joan, whose new mood is a gay one



Hurrell

After the dancing lesson there is the singing lesson. A two-hour session. Sometimes Joan sings for three hours or even more. She is driven. She cannot stop. After the singing lesson there is a French lesson, also a two-hour period. And after the French lesson, a tennis lesson. Dancing lesson. Singing lesson. French lesson. Tennis lesson. Check these off on your fingers—and all of this "when I'm not working"—and any one of

these the life-pursuit of many a so-called ambitious person.

In between whiles, and at nights, Joan reads. Reads omniverously. Reads all the best the publishers have to offer of memoirs, biographies, fiction. When I talked with her the other day, she had "The Last of the Kaisers," by Emil Ludwig, with her.

"When I am thirty," she told me, "I want to have all these things behind me so that I can go on . . . I

(Continued on page 68)

"TONY," Tom Mix's Horse, Says Goodbye

Transcribed
by
JACK HILL,
who has
known "Tony"
fifteen
years

After twenty-three years of being Tom's best pal, carrying him through thick and thin, Tony is being put out to pasture for the rest of his days. But, like "Black Beauty," good old Tony has a few things to tell his public before he goes!

RETIRED! "Tony Mix officially turned out to pasture!" That's the way they announced that my screen days were over. Since I was only a horse, my viewpoint was not considered. But that doesn't keep me from telling the boys and girls what I think about it. I agree with the admirals in the Navy and the generals of the Army—there isn't any sense to this retirement business, meaning horse sense. The admirals and generals are sent home at sixty-four. I am twenty-three, and they are sending me away from home—is there anything fair about that?

If I were to circulate a petition for reinstatement, there would be plenty of signers—people I've met, prominent ones, too. There would be ex-President

Heinrich von Kleinberg, Burgermeister of Berlin, had the same idea, only in German.

On the same trip, I was presented to Prince Henry, of Prussia; Queen Marie, of Roumania; the Crown

(Continued on page 60)



"Tony," the most famous horse in the world (center), hates to see his harness hung up after twenty-three exciting years. One of the horses at Mixville (above) will be his successor

Coolidge—I've been photographed with him; likewise President Hoover. I also knew Presidents Taft, Wilson and Harding. Four times I visited the White House, once inside to meet Mrs. Harding. Forty-eight governors, including Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and mayors by the hundred are my personal friends.

Furthermore, royalty and foreign notables would come to my rescue. The Prince of Wales chatted with me in Tattersalls, London. I met President von Hindenberg in Berlin, and the late President Gaston Doumergue in France. Sir Arthur Harris, Lord Mayor of London, looked me over and said I was a fine horse, and der Herr Sehr Hoch-geboren



MARY CARLISLE

There's an old saying about the shoe's pinching on the other foot now—and Mary says it's certainly true in her case. She danced her way into the movies, but became dramatic overnight, and now she hardly dances at all, except for exercise. Her specialty is kicking the ceiling, providing it's a sloping one. For she is one of the littlest little girls in the movies—but, even so, she's going a long, long way, say the prophets. Remember her as the shy little bride in the last scenes of "Grand Hotel"? That started the prophecies. She's now with Irene Rich in "Her Mad Night"

Milton Brown



Ray Jones

Every star has his hobby—but Lew has two. One of them is astronomy, and the other is clay-modeling. The Little Woman, Lola Lane, hinted that star-gazing kept him out too late at night—so now he spends his spare time in his workroom, engaged in play that is also work. Here he's creating a figure of challenge. Maybe a self-portrait? You'll next see Lew in the all-star "State Fair"

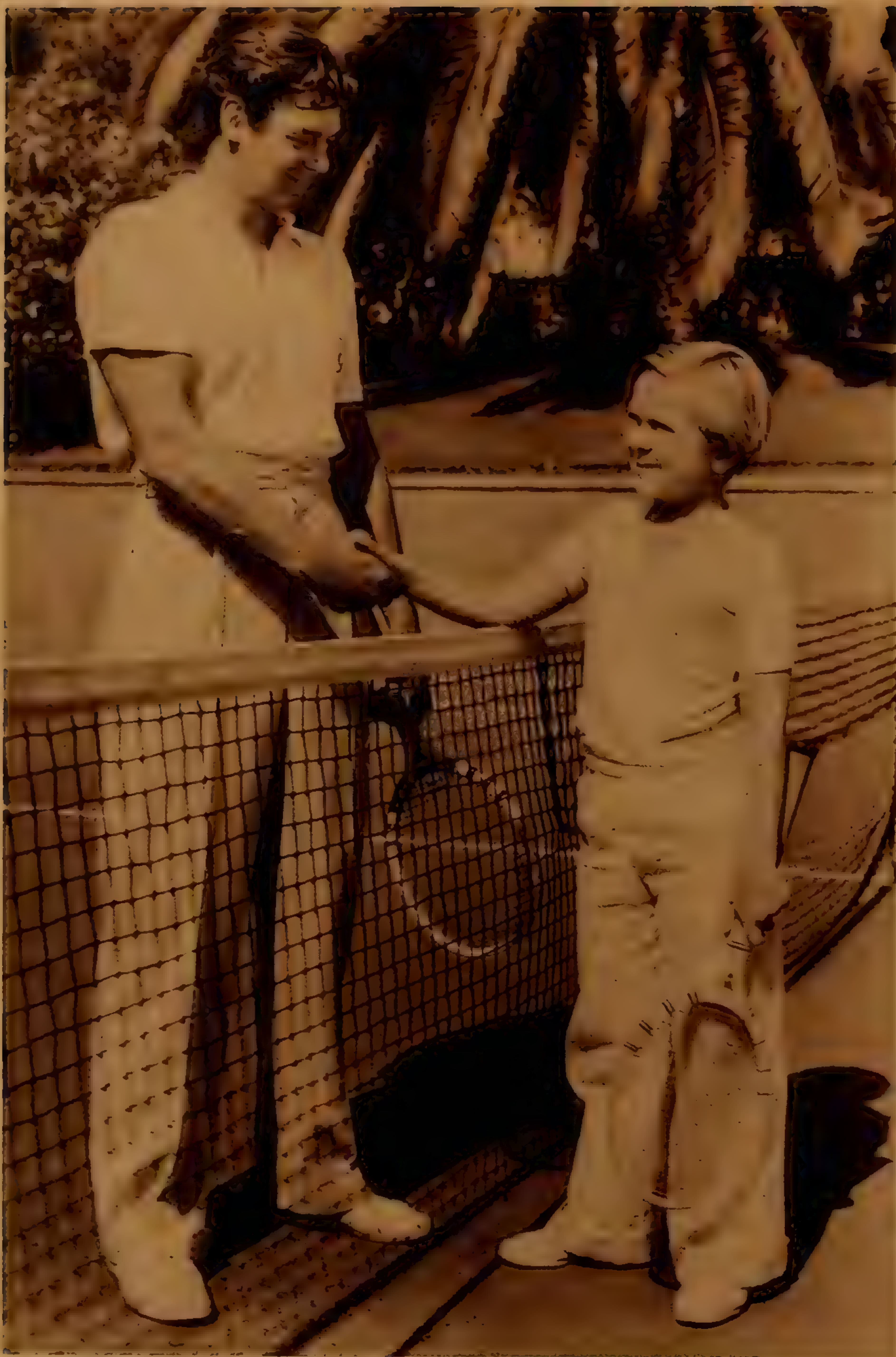
LEW AYRES



Hurrell

MARY BRIAN

Everyone thought Mary was in the corner, weeping, because she's now a free-lance player, instead of having a studio for a boss. And, lo and behold, Mary turns around and flashes the one and only Brian smile, the same as always. She enjoys independence. If she doesn't like a rôle, she doesn't have to take it. She happens to like the one opposite James Cagney in "Hard to Handle"!



Photos by Wm. Grimes



Jackie Cooper has a new idol—Johnny Weissmuller. (Wally Beery kindly take a back seat, now!) And the big "Tarzan" man thinks Jackie's a great little guy!



"No hard feelin's, remember," Jackie warns Johnny before a battle



It's Johnny that Jackie wants to be like now when he grows up. So what Johnny does, Jackie does — including horse-back riding

JACKIE AND JOHNNY ARE BUDDIES



Longot

BRUCE CABOT

Let's give three long cheers—or shall we make it a locomotive yell?—for Bruce. He apparently hasn't gone the way of all flesh and taken up turtle-neck sweaters. And he's original in other ways, too—as you'll discover in "King Kong," in which RKO's big Gable threat plays the hero, with a huge ape for villain. Right now, he's resting on the sidelines, waiting for some more he-man adventure



Preston Duncan

THREE JOAN BENNETTS

Most people have dual personalities—but Joan is three girls merged into one: a serious girl who takes life seriously; a dreamer, whose dreams are tinged with wistfulness; and a happy-go-lucky, carefree creature. Here she gives you half an idea, but in "Me and My Gal" you'll see the whole three Joans.



Now that the election's over, Eddie is trying to look aloof from politics. At top, with the six girls in his life—Mrs. Cantor, and the five little Cantors



Miehle

EDDIE CANTOR Would Rather Be “Papa” Than President

Eddie beat both Roosevelt and Hoover to the radio to tell America what he would do “when I’m the Pres-i-dent.” But, as usual, he was only kidding. Seriously, his ambition is to be elected a great big family man. If you didn’t know Eddie has a serious side, just listen to what he says about the six girls in his life—all of them named Cantor

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

EDDIE CANTOR is back. Broadway’s own Eddie. Star of a dozen Ziegfeld shows, master of ceremonies at a thousand benefits, shrewd and salty commentator on modern life—friendly, sentimental, beloved singing clown. Eddie Cantor.

He has just finished the last retake on “The Kid from Spain,” Samuel Goldwyn’s million-dollar musical extravaganza. The Wise Boys were amazed at Sam’s temerity in risking so much money on such a picture at such a time. “This is the time to give the public something good,” retorted the shrewd Goldwyn. “After all, I have Eddie Cantor in the piece. . . .” And he dug into his jeans for another couple of hundred thousand for some addition to the picture that had just occurred to him. The little

dynamo of laughter named Cantor was security for his million. Well, Sam has made few mistakes in the show business. He is probably right again.

A few days ago, Eddie went busting off to New York to fulfill a twenty-seven weeks’ contract on the radio. He was busy, the last time I saw him, writing the first of his radio acts. Each one, you see, must have a Message. Eddie believes in Messages. “Not soupy, Pollyanna stuff,” he assures you. “Just a little note of human sympathy—that little touch of something that nudges people gently near the heart!”

For this little, wisecracking, Broadway entertainer with the bulging, tired eyes and the Puck-ish, heart-shaped

(Continued on page 70)



Wide World

Stars aren't missing this year's big Mayfair parties, if they can possibly get there. For instance, here is Lilyan Tashman, just recovered from an appendicitis operation, gamely attending one with husband Edmund Lowe



Wide World

All four of the stars above—Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—sort of have the habit of giving small, intimate parties, themselves, but they like to attend the big ones, too. They're all registering pleasure at being at the opening Mayfair ball

The Stars Are At It Again —Giving Bigger and Better Parties

By

CAROL MAYNARD

HOLLYWOOD is giving parties again, as only Hollywood knows how to give them! Maybe the Presidential campaign had something to do with it, what with the promise from one party for "a new deal for the American people," and the statement from the other that "the crisis is past—we are on the road to recovery." Or maybe the cessation of the Sino-Japanese conflict had something to do with it (Hollywood has such quaint reasons for the things she does). Or it might be (and probably is)

Marion Davies had 105,000 guests—count 'em—at her Electrical Pageant. Mary Pickford gave a bridge party for 1,000 at Pickfair. Everybody in town has taken up Bessie Love's big luncheon idea. The Fredric Marches made over their home for a "Gay Nineties" party. Elissa Landi made over hers for a Wild West dance. After two bleak social seasons, the stars are entertaining in a big way!

that merriment and hospitality are part of the Hollywood scene and that the old town didn't feel natural with the WELCOME mat missing from the front steps.

The social ball started rolling with the highly successful summer of Olympic Games in Los Angeles and kept right on rolling through the autumn season of opera, football



Wide World

While their husbands duck out of camera range, three of the girls are snapped in their newest finery at a Mayfair dance. Left to right, they are Sharon Lynn (Mrs. Barney Glazer), Helen Hayes (Mrs. Charles MacArthur) and Dolores Del Rio (Mrs. Cedric Gibbons)



Wide World

It seems like old times, seeing Hollywood give big parties again—and seeing Colleen Moore attending them once more. Here she is, at one of the weekly Mayfair dances, with Ralph Graves and Marian Nixon (right)

and Mayfair parties not to mention two large and elaborate private functions given by the Fredric Marchs and Elissa Landi, respectively.

Charity has, of course, prompted its usual quota of Hollywood festivities and entertainments—the largest charity affair being sponsored by Marion Davies with an Electrical Pageant of Hollywood on Parade, given at the Olympic stadium. 105,000 people turned out to this event, the proceeds going to the Marion Davies Foundation, a charity for children. Stars from every studio gladly consented to ride in the parade and this party of Marion's is beginning to be an annual, and looked-for, social event.

Also, in the name of charity, Mary Pickford threw wide the gates of Pickfair to one thousand bridge players! In other words, for the price of a ticket, Miss Flapper and Mrs. Housewife could stroll about the exclusive Pickfair grounds, just like the visiting royalty! It is said that the Mary Pickford tea party raised \$50,000 for the Motion



All the stars belong to the Mayfair Club—and, from the look of things, a quorum is present every week. Spot some of your favorites?

International

Picture Relief Fund, which aids destitute Hollywood families. This is the favorite charity of the movie stars—because they are helping Their Own People.

(Continued on page 73)

LOOKING THEM

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

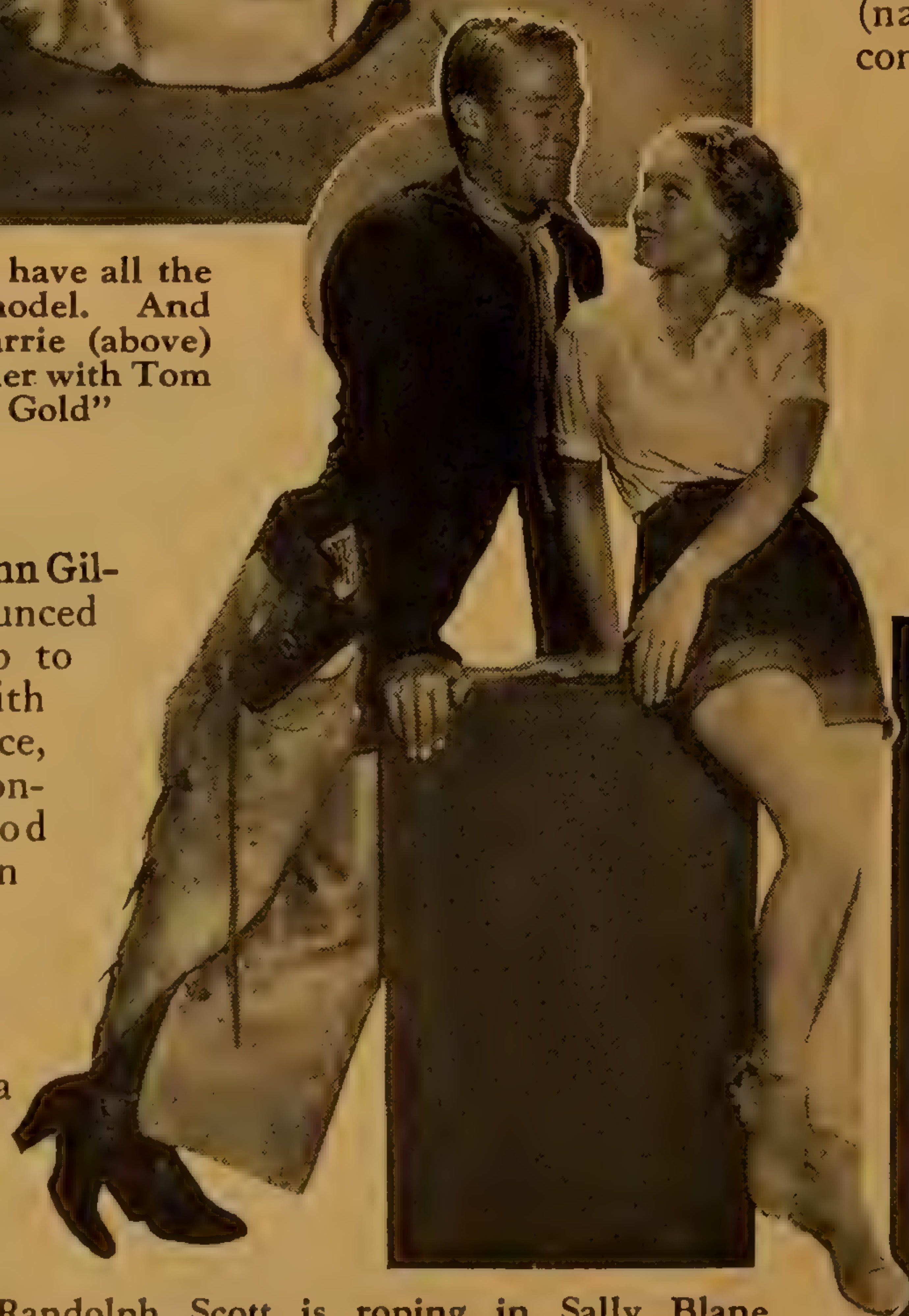


For films, you have to have all the poise of an artists' model. And that's what Judith Barrie (above) used to be. You'll see her with Tom Mix in "Hidden Gold"

THOUGH John Gilbert announced that his trip to Europe with his bride, Virginia Bruce, was just a delayed honeymoon, Hollywood won't be downed on her favorite latest rumor that the Gilberts are expecting the stork.

With Virginia now definitely retired from a career, their close friends say nothing would make the Gilberts happier than to have a child—or several of them.

Leatrice Joy (Jack's second wife, and mother of his daughter) once explained



Randolph Scott is roping in Sally Blane (above) without benefit of a lasso, for "Wild Horse Mesa." Randy, a Virginian who looks like a combination of Chevalier and Gary Cooper, is Paramount's new Western star

After the downpour he went through in "Rain," William Gargan can't get enough of sunshine. He's warming up now for "The Animal Kingdom"

that Jack's paternal feelings were slightly indifferent—but that was the excitable, restless Jack Gilbert of old, and not this newly settled and domesticated John Gilbert, who married Virginia Bruce.

Once these temperamental gentlemen do decide to settle down, they make wonderful husbands and fathers. Witness the formerly devil-may-care John Barrymore, who did a complete right-about-face after he married Dolores Costello and became the very proud papa of a baby girl—and boy!

IT was option time! The kindly executive was trying to make the actor understand why he couldn't expect the raise on his contract that was coming to him. "You aren't worth any more money to us," explained the Exec. "You're a good actor, sure, but you haven't got sex-appeal." He decided to elaborate on this idea. For a solid hour he explained to the actor that women just didn't go for him. His final stroke of financial genius was this: "Put you in the same room with So-and-So (naming another star under contract to the same company) "and the women wouldn't even know you were alive—see what I mean?"

All this time the actor had said nothing. He had merely sat and listened. Not once had he lost his temper. With this final crack, he smiled, "Well, if that's the case, I think it only fair that So-and-So should get the raise that was coming to me! I'll tell him you think he's such hot stuff!"

"No!" screamed the Exec, "don't give *him* any silly ideas!"

P. S. The actor got the raise on his contract!



OVER

By
DOROTHY MANNERS

LILY PONS pulled a cute one. Invited out to M-G-M to lunch with Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery, the sensational little French opera singer brought along her autograph book! Were Joan and Ramon and Bob surprised? They had their books all ready to ask Lily for hers!

HOLLYWOOD, as well as the rest of the world, is beginning to get a brand-new slant on Clara Bow. There's no getting away from it—for years her fellow-players took something of a patronizing air toward Clara. They readily admitted the redhead's dynamic screen personality and her acting talent, but for Clara,



Acme

Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog is trying to pull her back to Hollywood—but Jeanette likes Europe so well she may do a film over there!



What would you do if a Panther Woman (like Kathleen Burke) took a liking to you? Richard Arlen wonders in "Island of Lost Souls," in which animals turn into humans!

The other evening Clara attended a very swanky party, which was also attended by several of Hollywood's swankiest lady stars. And Clara's gown, and Clara's deportment, completely stole the show! The Bow was very quiet and reserved and completely drawing-room but, oh, that gown she wore! A slinky, slithery silver-cloth, cut in the most daring décolleté, and her vivid red hair, worn in a long bob, made Clara the most startling-looking woman in the room.

Said one very generous lady star: "She's the most fascinating-looking thing I ever saw." No longer are Hollywood ladies dismissing Clara as "a poor little thing."



Longworth

From the way the dancing girls cluster around him between scenes of "42nd Street," you'd never suspect that Warner Baxter plays a hard-hearted dance director. Which proves that when Warner steps outside for a breath of fresh air, he steps out of his rôle, too!

the girl herself, they assumed a "Poor-little-thing-she-has-such-tough-luck-doesn't-she?" attitude. Clara's outlandish clothes and her outlandish publicity never made her real competition to the local success sirens.

But now! . . .

AFTER long debates *pro* and *con*, it has been decided by the Warner Brothers not to co-star Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in more than one or two pictures a year—if that many. Ruth had expressed the desire to have her brand-new husband opposite her, and at the time their romance was dotting newspaper front pages, the studio liked the idea.

Now that the excitement of the Forbes-Chatterton-Brent triangle has died down, Ruth and George are just another movie married couple, and married couples have never been sure-fire at the box-office.

IF you can believe all you hear:

Gwili Andre and Willis Goldbeck (scenario writer) are headed altar-ward with "sometime next Spring" set as the time for wedding bells.

Boris Karloff has been advised not to be so friendly, congenial and kindly to fans he greets in private. Boris is one of the most amiable and agreeable gents in Hollywood, and his advisers have decided it is bad business. The claim is that the fans expect him to be mysterious—and dangerous.

NEVER has any actress received the friendly demonstrations that greeted every screen appearance of Jean Harlow in "Red Dust." And best news of all, according to the management of the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, it was the matinee audiences, comprised chiefly of women, that were the loudest and most enthusiastic about "giving Jean a hand."

Certainly this girl is on her way to one grand career! In two pictures she takes her place along with Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer as one of the outstanding feminine attractions of the M-G-M program.

NOW that Mary Pickford's niece, Gwen Pickford (daughter of Lottie), is blossoming into such a very pretty young Hollywood debutante, we hear that several young actors have



Irene Rich keeps young by going places with her daughters, Frances and Jane. Here they are aboard the freighter S. S. Fella



What's this—Gwili Andre a bathing beauty? You'll probably stay to see "No Other Woman" twice!



Freulich

The most popular actor in Hollywood—that's Russell Hopton. Now in "Destination Unknown," he holds the year's record for The Most Rôles



First Year" on the screen, and you know how *that* came out!

Just recently Sally had her heart set on "Walking Down Broadway" when along came Boots Mallory and walked off with that one! This Mallory girl, by the way, looks like a sensation.

WHAT a month this has been for new romance combinations in Hollywood!

Phillips Holmes is taking Frances Dee to tea.

Another local girl makes good, by being "discovered" on Broadway—Marion Burns. You'll glimpse her in "Man Eater"

Ivan Lebedeff seems to have lost everybody's
(Continued
on page 55)

cast an interested eye in her direction. And we also hear that Gwen withers them all with a very frigid response to their dining and dancing overtures.

Sighed one young man, who had come out on the icy end of an invitation to Gwen: "... and they call Garbo *cold!*"

ESTELLE TAYLOR and Lyle Talbot have apparently called quits to their torrid romance of a couple of months. It seems that Lyle had matrimony in mind—and Estelle didn't. When Lyle became too insistent on wedding bells, Estelle stepped out of the picture and now is lunching with John Warburton.

In the meantime Lyle has met Sandra Rambeau...

WILLIAM HAINES' newest idea for interior decoration is gingham-covered picture frames! Try that on your old bureau....

But all joking aside, it is a pretty cute trick, and such ladies as Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford and Tallulah Bankhead are among the gingham devotees.

SALLY EILERS will probably win the palm as The Most Disappointed Gal in Hollywood. Sally, you remember was just crazy to do "The



Blondes

PARTICULARLY
MUST FIGHT *SKIN DRYNESS*



New vitamin ingredient (Element 576) in Woodbury's Cold Cream feeds dry skins, guards against lines

"Blondes fade early," they say... usually their fine skin fades from dryness. And many women with dark hair also have this same quality of sensitive skin.

Do you have that tendency to dryness? Then care for your skin with Woodbury's COLD Cream. For Woodbury's is the only cream which contains Element 576... a new ingredient never before used in a face cream. For months, Woodbury skin specialists have been experimenting to apply the new science of vitamin-nourishing-oils to the making of Woodbury's Creams. Thousands of tests on skins of every type show that Woodbury's COLD Cream (with the new Element 576) *does more for the skin than other*

creams. It penetrates deeper... cleanses deeper to prevent blackheads... lubricates deeper to quench dryness. And Woodbury's COLD Cream does more than cleanse and lubricate... it *enriches* the tissues... supplies the youth-element for which the skin hungers and without which it fades.

Use Woodbury's COLD Cream on YOUR skin... morning and night, and after exposure. You will SEE its effect in a few days. Your skin will be softer and smoother; will have that velvety bloom that thrills the touch... Use Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (as powder base) to protect your skin from drying dust and exposure.

Go to your favorite drug store or department store today and ask for Woodbury's COLD Cream and Woodbury's FACIAL Cream. Big jars, 50¢. Handy tubes, 25¢.

OTHER WOODBURY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM... The lightest and "meltiest" of creams. Penetrates deep into the pores—flushes the dirt to the surface. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM... A luxurious emollient cream. Use it to prevent and correct lines and wrinkles and for excessively dry skin. 50¢ and \$1 the jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER... Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal or dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER... Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. Comes in several carefully blended shades. Exquisitely perfumed. 50¢ and \$1 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for a trial tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

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Woodbury's Creams

Is LON CHANEY'S Son Fated to Suffer for Films, Too?

When Creighton Chaney got his movie chance, they wanted him to be "Lon Chaney, Jr.," but he refused—because he didn't want anyone to expect him to be like his famous father. Already he has had to perform some dangerous stunts, and has been injured—but he won't use a double, even if he has to risk his life. His father felt the same way!

By NANCY PRYOR

CREIGHTON CHANEY, son of the beloved Lon, has made but three pictures for the screen, and yet Hollywood is asking: "Is the son slated for the same career of physical suffering that glorified the father—and at the same time contributed to his untimely end?"

In the first picture Creighton made under the terms of his RKO contract, he was called upon to leap from a tree onto the back of a supposed-to-be runaway horse. He is only a passable horseman, but the son of Lon did that perilous stunt—and *dislocated his hip, fractured a thumb and broke a rib!* To many who worked on the picture with him, this will be the first news they have of the injury the boy did himself. Creighton didn't mention it—he didn't even ask for the services of a doctor.

In another chapter of the same serial, "The Last Frontier," Creighton, who is only a fair swimmer, leaped into some charging rapids and performed a swimming stunt that would have been difficult for Johnny Weissmuller—at the cost of a *dislocated shoulder!*

He has been in pictures eight months, and in that time, in order to bring down his weight to the rigid requirements of the camera, he has lost thirty-five pounds on a self-sacrificing diet that cannot have helped but weaken him. For young Chaney lost not one ounce of fat in that reduction! There wasn't any fat on him. His entire two hundred and fifteen pounds were solid muscle. A gruelling five-mile daily run and a diet of fruit juices were his offerings upon the altar of his Dad's profession.

Willing to Do "Anything"

IT makes you stop and wonder about this six-feet-two overgrown boy of Lon Chaney's, who is so crazy to do something worth while on the screen that he is willing to do "anything."

He has been heralded as a possible successor to Clark Gable. But he isn't like Clark. He isn't like any other actor. He isn't quite sure, himself, if he is an actor at all. But he swears to all and

sundry that he is going to be! He is going to study and learn and hope for the breaks and do what they tell him until he has that Ol' Devil Camera mastered! He is sincere and terribly serious about himself and the movies. His almost-Mertonish viewpoints about a Hollywood career might be kidded—in anyone but Lon's son. You have only to talk to Creighton an hour to learn that he is admittedly a babe in the movie woods. He is tall and dark with nice eyes, particularly nice when he smiles, which he doesn't often do.

"I'm so green at this Hollywood game I don't even know many other actors," he says seriously. "My pals at the studio are the fellows in the publicity department and others like that about the lot. When my father was here—well, he wasn't any too keen about having me hang around the studios. I only visited his sets once or twice in all the years he was a movie star. I don't think my Dad wanted me to be an actor. But I guess that is natural. A lawyer seldom wants his son to be a lawyer, and doctors have all sorts of reasons why they don't want their boys to follow in their footsteps."

Because I had heard of all these physically

(Continued on page 69)



Creighton Chaney says, "My Dad would feel disgraced at the idea of a double for a Chaney"

Acme

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 52)

telephone number except Catherine Hardie's.

Lupe Velez went night-clubbing with Charlie Morton, who is supposed to be semi-engaged to Eleanor Hunt.

Buddy Rogers is back in town, giving Mary Brian an awful rush, and is Dick Powell upset? We hear that's nothing to the way Russell Gleason felt when he got in from Europe.

Dorothy Lee has been known to cast very sweet smiles in the direction of her dancing partner, Billy Taft, whenever she gets peeved with Marshall Duffield (which is quite often).

MONA MARIS and Gilbert Roland are going places together, though Hollywood has a hunch that Roland is still carrying the torch for Norma Talmadge. For that matter, we hear that Mona's heart has never entirely healed since the time she and Clarence Brown were that way about each other.

These consolation romances can be very dangerous, so don't be surprised if this one becomes a real romance!

UNLESS the movie fans in Los Angeles start behaving themselves at local "preview" showings of big pictures, the movie producers are going to stop showing their masterpieces to the home-town audiences. In other words, the professional preview audiences are beginning to be very "smarty" and "kidding" about the new pictures so generously dished up to them.

In view of the giggles and razzings that have greeted some excellent pictures lately, "preview night" has come to be something of a real hardship to the stars and producers. Often it has led to unnecessary expense when the producer, judging from the "audience" reaction, has remade certain scenes and sequences.

The latest tip is that the new pictures will be taken to San Francisco or San Diego for their tryouts.

HERE'S a hot one for you: Eddie Cantor very definitely and very un-humorously refuses to have his name listed among the board of directors of the super-ultra Mayfair Club. Considering that Hollywood has always bestowed these "directorships" as a mark of honor (this year Fredric March is President, Norma Shearer vice-president, and Irving Thalberg, Winfield Sheehan, Joseph Schenck, Mary Pickford and other high-lights are among the directors), Cantor's refusal to be "honored" has Hollywood guessing.

We hear it rumored that Cantor and one of the other directors are enjoying one of those puzzling Hollywood feuds, and Eddie won't even be "listed" with his antagonist.

OVER the New York-to-Hollywood "grapevine" we hear that Norma Talmadge was one of the first in line to see Norma Shearer's interpretation of her (Norma Talmadge's) greatest screen success, "Smilin' Through." And, what's more, they say the original Norma wept copiously at successor Norma's charming portrayal. This should be a greater tribute to Norma Shearer than all the critics' enthusiasms tied in a bundle. Surely, there is no greater criticism of any player's work than from the actress who created the rôle for the screen.

Wonder what Gloria Swanson thought of Joan Crawford in "Rain"?

(Continued on page 59)

RADIANTLY

Alive!



HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean*! You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

SHE FOLLOWS THE SAL HEPATICA ROAD TO INTERNAL CLEANLINESS!

TO be wide-awake, fresh, healthy, lovely to look at—you must keep your system free of impurities and poisons.

Sal Hepatica keeps you internally cleansed the *saline* way. It first flushes away the wastes and poisons which clog the digestive tract. But because it is not an ordinary laxative, but a saline—it rids your blood-stream, too, of poisons! It cleanses and purifies your system!

It is for this reason that Sal Hepatica

combats colds, headaches, rheumatism, and skin-blemishes. It contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Aix. It is *America's* great saline!

Tomorrow morning—start with Sal Hepatica. In a short time you'll feel better. Then—your eyes will brighten, your skin will freshen, there'll be new lightness in your step. Your whole point of view will brighten up because your system has been purified!



CONSTIPATION



HEADACHE



COLDS



COMPLEXION



RHEUMATISM

SAL HEPATICA

Movie Classic's Letter Page

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\$20.00 Letter

Jungle Films

JUST a few hours ago I sat through "Kongo" and now I am ready to swear by all the ring-nosed savages in South Africa that I saw the identical picture many, many moons ago in the distant past, long before the talkies uttered their first unmelodious squawk. According to my befuddled memory, Lon Chaney portrayed the same sordid character that was so capably enacted by Walter Huston in this new version. And if I can still depend upon my memory, the name of the old silent production was "West of Zanzibar." In the immortal words of Jimmy Durante, I ask you: "Am I right or am I right?"

All of which brings up the question of just why does Hollywood waste valuable talent, time and money, in producing such highly artificial pictures of African jungle life as this? Surely, it is not to appease the appetite of a movie-hungry public whose taste must demand at least a little hint of reality. Tonight, during some of the most gruesome and morbid sequences, more than one chuckle was heard to ripple throughout the audience. Showing, of course, that the public does not take pictures of this caliber in a serious frame of mind, but, judging from the crowded house, does not hesitate to pay the admission price to see them. This, I suppose, is the chief answer as to why they are produced, but I am still a bit hazy, trying to figure out why people go and sit through them. There must be nothing else to do.

To my way of thinking, it is a shame for actors who possess great ability to partake in productions of this type. And I am referring to Walter Huston and Conrad Nagel specifically. Their acting, previous to this travesty, has always been highly acceptable to my standards of quality, but after tonight it has suffered a humpty-dumpty in my estimation.

I wish that "Trader Horn" had never been born and, furthermore, the next time a jungle picture appears in our town I intend to lock the door to my room and throw the key away and spend an enjoyable evening listening to the radio. If I didn't lock myself in, I know that I would weaken and follow the throng to witness the latest extravaganza that is always bally-hoed as "Greater than Trader Horn."

MILLER P. PHILLIPS, Olean, N. Y.

\$10.00 Letter

The Real Garbo

MUCH has been said and written about the Garbo walk. Critics have varied in the intensity of their comments, but all are agreed on one point: that Garbo is

not Tuesday's child, "full of grace." Garbo strides. Garbo is gawky. Garbo has no style in a drawing-room.

Garbo's walk is as essentially a part of her as her voice, her dramatic talent, her reticence. Close your eyes; try to visualize Garbo mincing or gliding or skipping. Can you? Not if you will see the real Garbo.

It is true that she strides, that she is uneasy in a drawing-room: a lioness in a cage moves restlessly, with long, silent, co-ordinated steps, dreaming of a vastness and grandeur beyond this puny space. She is not happy in captivity; she does not like these civilized bars through which the curious stare at her. She is lonely and frightened, and cannot adjust her free gait to littleness.

That is Garbo. That is Garbo's walk.
A. T., Winchendon, Mass.



In case you've wondered, this is how players receive their fan mail. Like Adrienne Ames, they all have nice, big boxes at the studio "post offices"

\$5.00 Letter

A Bouquet for Norma

I HAVE always believed that Norma Shearer was not limited to pictures in which she portrayed a shady lady or a superficial sophisticate. And, now, to prove my point, along comes "Smilin' Through!"

Now, I'm not an old lady or a crank or even a bit old-fashioned. In fact, I'm twenty-one and quite modern, and I say there isn't a girl I know who isn't thrilled over a bit of lovely romance such as we find in "Smilin' Through." We may get a kick out of seeing sophisticated love-making once in a while, but when it comes

down to brass tacks, the thing we want to see portrayed on the screen is a sweet bit of Romance with a capital letter. We don't care if it isn't so-called "realism"—it's our ideal, no matter what. We know that there is plenty of superficiality and sordidness ahead for us anyway.

So I'm handing my bouquet of roses to Norma Shearer who, even though she was a hit as a glamorous lady, recognizes the fact that underneath we all love real romance. And we feel more like smilin' through for having that picture!

LUCILLE SCHWARTZ, Menasha, Wis.

Another Exposure

WARNERS' recent picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," with Paul Muni, is truly everything that it was forecast—shocking and thrilling. It is another sensational exposure to the credit of the motion picture industry.

It paints a vivid picture of the prison camp and I believe it will do enormous good and that it will serve two major purposes: First, it will discourage persons who contemplate petty acts, as well as criminal ones, and make them realize that each one is equally as dangerous. Secondly, it will make juries realize what they are doing when they sentence a man to ten years' hard labor, purely on circumstantial evidence.

With this exposure, and the recent one in Florida, it would not surprise me if Congress would appoint a committee to investigate our prison camps.

J. A. M., Houston, Tex.

Grateful to Joe E.

I'VE got a little piece to speak about Joe E. Brown. When I see that Zeppelin-hangar he uses for a mouth stuck on a billboard, I feel a thrill of anticipation. I immediately begin seeking ways and means for obtaining the price of another show ticket. You say he is Warners' greatest cash magnet? I say, why shouldn't he be? This depression got my job, my money, and my self-confidence. I think if it hadn't been for Joe it would have got my good humor, too. But he saved me that much and I am very grateful to him for it.

Really, Joe's mouth makes you notice him; then his acting makes you almost forget his mouth. A mere male, he could not possess the Garbo glamour or the Bow "ittishness"; he cannot even hope for good looks with a mouth like the Mississippi. But that doesn't faze our Joey. He has plenty of that thing they call ability. If his numeral isn't seven, he should change his name to make it that for he surely is a natural!

LUTHER CLARK, Livingston, Ala.

Boots Mallory—She's a Star After One Picture!

(Continued from page 22)

"When Mother remarried, I went to live with my grandmother, who believed that a child should never live with a stepfather. She was very much mistaken, I think. My stepfather was even sweeter to me than a real one could have been—he was so anxious to make up to me for my loss and to show no favoritism to his own children.

"My stepfather is exactly like a father to me—even nicer. I adore him, and I don't like to refer to him as a stepfather, for fear it might hurt his feelings. He's just the same as my real father, and most people think he is. I use his name. And he was the one who nicknamed me 'Boots,' because Patricia was too dignified."

How She Reached Broadway

ANYWAY, Boots dwelt on with her grandmother, and occasionally went to visit her mother and cried herself to sleep with homesickness. And in the meantime she proceeded to mature early and to learn to play the guitar, the uke and the banjo. Sort of a female Buddy Rogers, one gathers. With nothing but these talents and her premature sex-appeal to start with, she organized a girls' band that played around at local dances, and eventually enlarged it into a little troupe that gave theatrical entertainments at lodge meetings and things.

Boots, who already had the sweet mouth, the ash-blond hair and the big gray eyes working for her, got along pretty well. An agent saw her and signed her and a few of her girls to tour the country with an act. When that was over, she went to New York with one of the girls whose home was just a stone's throw from Broadway.

That was four years ago. With her Southern ease, Boots immediately got a job not speaking lines, not dancing, and not singing alone, in "George White's Scandals." It was in that show that she met her husband, Charles Bennett, who played in the orchestra. Boots, being a Mallory, accomplished a wedding at once.

"We took an apartment and furnished it ourselves and bought a car, and were very happy," she related absently. "I posed for a lot of commercial artists, and worked in N. T. G.'s shows, and then got the job in 'Hot-Cha.' All the Ziegfeld girls get a lot of publicity, so I got it, too, and Fox asked me to make a test.

"Well, I had made tests before and nothing had ever come of them and I was too satisfied with my life to be interested. So I refused. Of course, they couldn't understand that. They kept insisting, so finally I thought I might as well go over and have it over with.

"Three weeks later I made the test, and much to my surprise, they asked me to go to Hollywood. I said, 'No, indeed,' and went home.

"After that Mr. Sheehan sent for me. He said, 'I never heard of anybody like you. Why did you come over here if you didn't want a picture contract?'

"I said, 'I just came over to make the test. I never dreamed they'd want me to do anything else. Why should I leave? My husband has a job here, and I have my apartment and my car and my own work, and I'm happy, and I see no reason to leave. Especially as I have no reason to think I'd succeed when I got to Hollywood. I'd probably be a flop, and be put into little unimportant parts, and then I'd die if I had to go back to New York a failure.'"

Winfield Sheehan took another look at the test and another look at Boots in per-

(Continued on page 59)

"LIFE SAVERS help you lose weight faster"

SAYS SYLVIA

World's Foremost Authority on the Care of the Feminine Figure

Name almost any stage or screen star and you've named a Sylvia client. \$100 per half hour is her figure for keeping million-dollar figures svelte and slender. She talks straight, fast, and frankly. Listen to her:



Nine times out of ten when a new client comes to me she starts to tell me her ideas on reducing. I end that quick. I tell her she's paying me \$100 a half hour not to talk to me . . . but to listen!

One of my pet annoyances is the woman who tells me what a martyr she is in denying her appetite for sweets when she's on a diet. There's nothing heroic about that! It's plain ignorance. The body always needs enough sugar. But in reducing . . . it's vital! It's Number Three on my list of reducing rules . . . last, but not least!

FIRST: Exercise sanely. Walk at least a couple of miles a day in the open air. SECOND: Cut out fat, rich foods, gravies, sauces, and liquor, absolutely! THIRD: Eat enough sugar. Don't starve yourself on sweets. The right sweet at the right time helps you lose weight faster!

The latest dietetic findings show that sugar is the best "fire" to burn away the body fats completely, safely. Fat is like a fuel. Sugar is like flame. Without a reasonable amount of sugar, you slow down the loss of that excess poundage.

The Right Sweet . . . at the Right Time
Life Savers are my idea of the "right sweet." They give you quickly assimilated fat-fighting sugar energy without fat-creating bulk. They are hard. You let them dissolve slowly upon your tongue. Each Life Saver means 8 to 10 minutes' gratification of your natural appetite for sweets.

I Like Action . . . Let's Get Started!
If you are really in earnest about reducing, mail coupon below with two genuine Life Savers wrappers. I'll send my booklet of diet and exercise instructions to you immediately.

Madame Sylvia



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS
SEND THIS COUPON:
IF YOU DON'T . . . Don't!

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. MC-1 Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here are two Life Savers wrappers. Please mail booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (Outside the U. S. A., include 10c to cover mailing.) This offer expires Dec. 31, 1933.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



LORETTA YOUNG, now appearing in "They Call It Sin," a First National Picture.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

CLARK GABLE'S New Year Resolutions

(Continued from page 13)

There is nothing I know about, in any way, that I could ask for or wish for. And do happy and perfectly contented people think about making resolutions? I wonder!

Makes a "Daring Statement"

"I LEAD 'the Perfect Life.' A daring statement, which I dare to make. Wait, now I have it—here is my resolution, the big one, covering all the others: *I resolve to continue to lead the life that is perfect for me, and to allow nothing in heaven or hell to interfere with it.*

"I realize that I am one of about four people in the world who can say what I've just said—that I lead the perfect life. I resolve not to forget those millions of others who must cry while I laugh.

"I do believe, though, that there are a great many people who are leading nearly perfect lives and *are unaware of it.* They don't realize their own good fortune or they won't admit it to themselves. There is such a disease as chronic dissatisfaction, and it's about the most insidious and fatal disease any man or woman can have. So many people do not know until it's too late how splendid things have been for them.

"It's like the story of the man who traveled the globe 'round and 'round in search of the most beautiful thing in the world. After many years of searching and after great hardships and long after age had settled upon him, he found the most beautiful thing right in his own front yard—his daughter's eyes. He hadn't thought to look right under his nose, you see. He hadn't realized until it was almost too late—

"I resolve never to be blind to the fine and precious things that are mine *right now.*

"I resolve to keep my eyes open, and my heart, to the things that are with me here and now, to-day.

"I resolve to pass this particular resolution on to all who will listen to me: *Look in your own front yard for beauty and for happiness.*

"I resolve to let Tomorrow take care of itself. *It always has.*

Won't Forget He Had a Break

"I RESOLVE never to forget that Yesterday I once told you about—when I was unwanted, when doors were closed in my face, when I was hungry and friendless and alone. I resolve never to forget that the man I was then is also the man I am now.

"I resolve never to let the little, petty things annoy me; never to destroy the whole because of the pin-pricks.

"I resolve to continue to be grateful for the break I have had, never to allow myself to forget that it *was* a break and might have happened to any one of thousands of fellows and just happened to happen to me. I am no Valentino, despite the ridiculous comparison that was attempted when I first started on the screen. If I can be compared to any type at all it would be much more to—let's see, I haven't thought about it before—but it might be to the late Milton Sills or Charlie Bickford or George Bancroft or—"

(It was ridiculous that he should be compared to anybody, and I said so.)

"I resolve," Clark went on firmly, his attention evenly divided between resolutions and a large piece of apple pie and cheese, "I resolve never to cease being grateful to the people all over the world who have liked me and have manifested that liking.

"I resolve never to whimper, whine or kick when I begin to take the long toboggan into oblivion. It has, perhaps, begun for me. I know that I am not what I was, or

perhaps I should say *where* I was a year ago. That's all right. I don't expect to be. There are those who say that I should never have played the minister rôle in 'Polly of the Circus,' or the white-haired, conversational man in 'Strange Interlude'—but who knows? It's all experience. Some of it good, some of it not so good, perhaps. Here and now I am concerned only with my resolution—which is to continue to be grateful for what I have had and still have and never to show the white feather about what is to be.



Part of Clark Gable's idea of "the perfect life" is horseback-riding. Because his employers didn't want him to risk injury, he has had to forego polo—but otherwise he can ride hard and fast

Defines "the Perfect Life"

"BEFORE I go on resolving, I think I'll stop right here and tell what this perfect life I've been talking about really means to me.

"First and foremost comes good health. No one can lead the perfect life unless he is sound of body. And right now I am more fit, in better condition, than I ever was in my life before. I certainly resolve to keep that way—and to keep that way means plenty of good food and sleep and exercise, no worry over trifles, a decent amount of pleasure and social activity, and there you have it.

"Next in a man's scheme of the perfect life comes his work. If a man is not happy at the thing he is doing, the whole system of his life is basically wrong. The work a man does is the foundation upon which rest his home and his family. It must come first. And I am perfectly happy in my work. I wouldn't leave the screen for all the theatre calls the world might have to offer. It's easy for me to say here that I resolve never to leave the screen. Not, certainly, for the term of my contract.

"I have no patience with those in the profession who profess to look down on what they are doing. I have no patience with those who say that they are in the movies only for the money there is in them and would not be here an hour if it were not for just that. I think it's fun. I think it's satisfying. And more than that, it can lead to the third factor in the perfect life which is—

"A normal life. No man can be happy if his life does not run along normal lines. He may be happy for a few weeks or for a few months if he lives in hotels, works all night, sleeps all day, that sort of thing. But not for long—not if the man, himself, is normal, which I trust I am. As my work is now, I leave my home in the mornings and return to it in the evenings after the day's work is done, as any business man does. That satisfies me. I prefer to think of myself as a business man, rather than as an actor.

"I can take vacations now and then, go hunting or fishing. I can play contract in the evenings, entertain a few friends, go out with my family. I can be *normal*—and I resolve to stay that way.

Will Not Act Off the Screen

"I NEVER want to be an actor off the screen. There are some splendid people here in Hollywood—some of the best in the world. There are also some who make me feel ashamed for them when I watch them. Men, for instance, who are regular fellows when you are off with them somewhere alone—unaffected, honest-to-goodness guys until some other actor or actress or some member of the press comes along. And then it's amazing and sickening to watch them put on the greasepaint, strike an attitude, take out their little bag of tricks, *change completely.*

"The fourth essential to the perfect life is, of course, perfect contentment with one's home and family. I am perfectly contented with mine. I wouldn't change my home for Buckingham Palace and I wouldn't change my wife for all the Scheherezades rolled into one. As I have resolved to continue to be grateful for the break I have had in my work, so I resolve to continue to be grateful for the break I have had in my personal life.

"There are so few changes I could wish for, so few resolutions I can make along lines of change. Naturally, there are the purely personal ones. The resolution to work harder than I have ever worked before, to give more, to think more deeply, to build more securely. I would like to be able to resolve to have something to say about the stories I do and the way I do them during 1933. Not that I have any complaint to make about the past. I couldn't have asked for a voice in choosing my own stories then. I was new to it all. I was raw. I was green. Now I have learned something and have had experience and attained to a knowledge of myself, and I should like to be able to have some say in the choice of my stories and the way I play them.

"When my contract—a seven-year contract—is at an end, I resolve to change my life and my mode of living completely. What I am doing now is perfect for me at this time. It may not be so then. I believe I shall be through with the screen. I believe I shall go back East to live and the work I choose to do will be entirely apart from anything I am doing now or have ever done before.

"But that is Tomorrow—a good many Tomorrows away—and my resolution was to let Tomorrow take care of itself. I shall not break that resolution nor any of the others I have made."

Boots Mallory—She's a Star After One Picture!

(Continued from page 57)

son, and then and there he promised her she wouldn't have to worry about her fate in Hollywood. And he has made good on it. Though Boots had never even been a chorus girl, the first part he gave her was the lead in "Walking Down Broadway"—a very dramatic, Gish-like part with Director Von Stroheim sneering and snarling and scolding her into the proper emotional frenzy. And Boots made good, too. She astonished everyone by giving a performance that would be a credit to someone whose previous accomplishments were based on something sounder than a pretty face and a ukulele. I guess there isn't anything much sounder, after all. Now she has a seven year contract, with options every six months, and the leading rôle in "Handle With Care."

"My husband is here with me," she said. "I wouldn't have come without him. I have to have someone to baby me. We stored our furniture and left the car in New York, and now we have an apartment and a Ford. Charlie didn't want to come at all. There's nothing for him to do here. He can't work in any orchestra for six months, on account of the labor laws to protect the local musicians, and he's bored to death. But I would be terribly lonely here without him."

Drinking her favorite grapefruit juice right to the bottom of the glass with the abstracted air of a good child, Boots seemed like anything but a veteran of the stage and a matron of four years' standing. She is perpetually smiling and good-natured in a vague, obedient sort of way, but her curious, undefined personality puzzles people, and they feel ill at ease with her. On the set, she sits by herself and does very little talking.

Is she shy or is she cagy? Whatever she is, she has found the secret of how to make a show-girl into a movie star overnight.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 55)

SINCE the amazing success of Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," other sophisticated ladies of the screen are beginning to look around for a suitable "tear-jerker" or some such sentimental ballad in which they will attempt to be as lovely and poignant (not to mention successful at the box-office) as Mrs. Irving Thalberg.

Katharine Hepburn, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to sophistication, will do *Jo* in "Little Women," than whom there is no less sophisticated!

From Universal comes the hint that the glamorous Tala Birell will go sorrowful in an original screen story now in preparation.

HOLLYWOOD went very, very operatic this season, and beautiful Lily Pons was dined all through Beverly Hills. In fact, the entire season was a howling success (no pun intended). The night of Lily's first local appearance in concert, the colony turned out in all its glory.

Jeanette MacDonald almost walked away with Lily's honors by appearing in a daring yellow satin evening gown that was described by an excited stylist the next morning as "the final gasp." With this creation Jeanette wore "jules" and ermine.

Ruth Chatterton, in an amazing orange evening gown, rated second attention from the fashion reporters. Ruth's gown was extreme in carrying out the "old-fashioned"

(Continued on page 65)

"PERFECT SOAP FOR WOOLS"



INSTANT PURE SUDS WITHOUT USING DANGEROUS HOT WATER

One of the worst things you can do to lovely woolen fabrics is to get them by mistake into *too hot* suds. IVORY SNOW is perfect for washing wools. *It dissolves instantly in LUKEWARM WATER!*

Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as snow. As quick-dissolving as snow!—yet each tiny particle is chock full of rich suds that take up the dirt without the harsh rubbing that stiffens wools.

Melts completely . . . no soap spots!

Ivory Snow has no flat particles which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. Your sweater, baby's little woolen shirts, blankets—all come out of lukewarm Ivory Snow suds as evenly fluffy as when they were new.

Pure enough for a baby's skin

Ivory Snow is the same pure Ivory Soap doctors advise for bathing little babies. It is safe for the tenderest skin—extra safe for your finest silks, for woolens, rayons, delicate colors, nice cottons and linens. You'll like the beautiful suds it makes for dishwashing, too, and the fact that you can use this nice soap to protect your hands without being extravagant. *A big package of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!*

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"Tony," Tom Mix's Horse, Says Goodbye

(Continued from page 40)

Prince and Princess of Belgium; the Duke of Veraga, in Spain; Cardinal Merry del Val in Brussels and the Burgermeister of Amsterdam, who, by the way, was a brother of Lou Tellegen, the actor. I know almost as many Lords and Ladies as I do actors.

Not alone would these distinguished ladies and gentlemen sign my petition, but I'm quite certain every boy and girl in America, Europe, Australia, India and Japan would add their signatures. For years, I've entertained and provided thrills for them. The Boy Scouts would circulate the petition, for I am an honorary member of more than a score of their troops.

Not Retired by Talkies

AT first, Stumpy and I thought my retirement came, perhaps, on account of the "talkies"—you see, we started in the "silents." Stumpy knows a lot—he's a colored boy, only sixty-three and my groom for years, who sleeps in the same stall with me—but Stumpy pointed out that the "talkies" hadn't retired Chaplin. He doesn't say any more in the new pictures than I do—and he is a good actor, too. We don't believe, Stumpy and I, that Tom wanted to retire us—that isn't like Tom. We think it was the supervisor. Several years ago, I almost kicked one, but Stumpy stopped me. Now, we're both sorry.

Even if I am twenty-three, I'm physically fit. There isn't a corral fence in California that I can't jump. And no matter what some supervisor may tell you, there isn't a horse in Tom Mix's outfit that can get out to-day and catch me on the level prairie, over the desert, or up and down the hog-backs.

Never have I stumbled. Anyone who saw "Sky High" will remember how I dashed along that narrow trail on the rim of the Grand Canyon, in Arizona, where a stumble or misstep would have crashed Tom and me on the rocks below—more than fifteen hundred feet. Doesn't that prove I am sure-footed?

Afraid? I was never afraid. I've raced through forest fires, falling trees and clouds of smoke to rescue the girl—and I've crashed through roofs, leaped from second-story windows, plunged from ocean piers and swum to ships half a mile away. In "Three Jumps Ahead," I carried Tom over a chasm, one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, with a leap of twenty-two feet in the clear to make it. Racing along the tops of swift-moving freight trains is only pastime for me, to say nothing of jumping through the open door of a baggage car, passing at twenty miles an hour; it's all in the day's work.

If the hapless maidens I've helped to rescue were to plead that I be reinstated, what could movie producers say? Could they refuse Clara Bow, Billie Dove, Marian Nixon, Helene Costello, Janet Gaynor, Dorothy Sebastian, Olive Borden, Sally Blane, Patsy Ruth Miller and Phyllis Haver? I've rescued them and nearly a hundred more. You see, it was my job to save 'em, so Tom could marry them—in the pictures.

Caught His Share of Villains

AND am I an upright citizen? Say, I've helped to run down, outwit and arrest more bandits, cattle rustlers, stagecoach and bank robbers than are in jail right now. One thing I could never understand, though—after we caught 'em, they always got out and came back and robbed again. There were Duke Lee, Fred Kohler and even George Bancroft—we caught 'em robbing

trains again and again, kidnaping, rustling cattle. But they never stayed in jail, at least not for long, they'd be back in the next picture—still bad.

I've done my good deed a day, and now—just at a time when knowledge and experience should count for something—they are sending me away, good, old Stumpy and me, to live with our memories and dream of days that are past and gone.

Tucked away in some quiet pasture, I'll miss the excitement, the grinding cameras, the chases and the rescues. I loved them—the risks, the dangers. And all the dangers were not recorded by the camera. I once stomped a rattlesnake to death in the desert, within less than a dozen feet of Marian Nixon—saw it before Tom or the director, and it was all over before they knew it.



Tom Mix and "Tony"

Another time, back of Lebec, California, Tom and I chased a big mountain lion up a tree, where it was shot. Another time, in the dead of winter, Tom and I plunged into an ice-filled river in the Yosemite and rescued a girl who had accidentally slipped over the bank. I had to swim more than half a mile through the ice and rapids where the canoes were afraid to follow, carrying Tom and the girl. Just another day's work.

Some of my biographers say that Tom always guided me in my work. That is partially true. But may I invite their attention to "Just Tony"—a big box-office picture? There, as the leader of a wild horse herd, I worked alone—more than half a mile from the camera in most of the scenes. Not only did I play my part, but I "directed" the horses.

Never Had Any "Education"

I AM not an educated horse. I was never taught routine tricks. Tom and the director have always shown me what to do in each picture and explained it. I understood, made the scenes and promptly forgot them—leaving me fresh and open-minded for the next picture.

Naturally, I have likes and dislikes. Script writers annoy me—they found stories that sent us to the High Sierras in the winter and the middle of the desert in the summer. The other way around would have been more sensible. But I fooled one scenarist. In "North of Hudson Bay," the script called for me to wear snowshoes. He thought I couldn't do it, but I did—and just to be funny, I ran away and pitched Tom in a drift.

Many times I have been injured, cut by flying glass, bruised by falling timbers, burned in fire scenes. In one picture I was thrown twenty feet and knocked unconscious by a premature explosion. Tom took twenty stitches in my side, but I finished the picture. When bandages are put on by Tom or Stumpy, I don't pull them off as horses usually do—horse sense tells me they are there for a purpose. Traveling by steamer or train, it is customary to tie a horse. Stumpy never tied me. He knew I wouldn't jump from a moving train unless told it was to be a scene in a picture.

I regret to confess—but must admit—I am something of a roughneck. I hate petting. It annoys me to have my forehead rubbed or my muzzle stroked. I'm a cowpony—when I play, I play rough. Tom understands this. We push and shove—I've cracked him many times, knocked the wind out of him, but he snaps back with his fist or shoulder. That's the way it should be between pals like him and me.

Since my retirement, the newspapers have been kind enough to print a few stories about me, some with a wide variation of fact. May I tell the true story?

Getting the Record Straight

I WAS born in Los Angeles, twenty-three years ago. My mother, range-bred, had been shipped in from Arizona. We haven't any record of my father—my mother was rather careless about that—but he was supposed to be an Arizona cowpony. Horsemen believe I have a strain of "Steel Dust" on my sire's side. That's blue blood in horsemanship.

An Italian vegetable peddler bought my mother. As a colt, I ran by her side until a yearling. When I was perhaps a week old, the Italian gave me to his boy, a lad of ten, who named me "Tony," for a favorite uncle.

One day, I was trotting along with my mother and the vegetable wagon, and Tom Mix and his ranch foreman, Pat Chrisman, saw me.

Mix offered to buy me, but the Italian told him I was the property of his boy. That night Tom and Pat bargained with the kid. At first the youngster refused to sell, but the mother reminded him the money would be needed for his schooling. The bargain was completed, and the boy, himself, drew the bill of sale. Tom still has it, and the paper called for the transfer "of one sorrel colt, named Tony—price \$17.50." I might add, the little Italian bambino did go to school. To-day, he is a rising young attorney in Los Angeles.

As a yearling, I was turned into a corral in Edendale, then a suburb of Los Angeles, where a few pictures were made. Hollywood, as a studio center, was unknown. There I romped with other Mix horses, including "Old Blue," who carried Tom in his early pictures—two-reel Westerns. I succeeded Old Blue, when the latter died in 1917. I always admired Blue, an Oklahoma cowpony, and copied his ways. To my youthful mind, the Mix horses had a snap, for they didn't work when it rained.

As a colt, I was all legs, neck and head—awkward and gangly. From Tom and Pat, I learned that as a grown horse I was to be trained as a "cutting pony" and sent to the Mix ranch on the Hassayampa, in Arizona. But "Babe" Chrisman, pretty twelve-year-old daughter of the ranch foreman, liked me. The young girl understood horses, and when I was a two-year-old, she gentled me and became my first rider. She is the only woman I ever cared for—they don't appeal to me, although I took quite an interest in

Patsy Ruth Miller, Marian Nixon and Clara Bow. The other leading ladies were without appeal, so far as I was concerned. I rescued them and let it go at that.

The Life He Has Led

MY picture début was made as a four-year-old in the picture, "Cupid's Round-Up." Tom rode me occasionally before Old Blue died. Incidentally, Blue is buried in the corral over at Mixville and a pillar and tablet mark his grave.

Pictures occupied my time exclusively for a few years—I loved the work. Then Tom visited New York to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight and took me along. It was my first long train trip. I was greatly thrilled. My first European trip was made in 1925. I liked steamships—never got sick or missed a meal. I landed with Tom at Southampton.

While I was at Tattersalls, the Prince of Wales called. Looking me over, His Highness said: "Tony, I've admired you in the pictures—now, I'd like to own you." I thought if he really had been my master, his riding record would have been improved.

In Paris, I took Tom on the Bois and the Rue de la Paix. In Berlin, we had a canter in Unter der Linden and in the Tiergarten. Visited Brussels, Antwerp, Madrid and Amsterdam, traveling by truck and train. Returning to Paris, Tom and I made an appearance in the Grand Opera House—a benefit for a children's hospital. I was the only horse, so we were told, ever able to navigate the winding stairs leading to the stage.

Back in America, we made a tour of personal appearances. I traveled in my own private car, which, in view of my professional position, was proper and deserved. We appeared only in parks, charging no admission—a good-will tour. In Central Park, New York, we had one hundred thousand guests—ninety thousand in Buffalo and an average of fifty thousand in other cities.

Even Had a Manicure

THEN more pictures in Hollywood. My personal fan mail now averaged more than one hundred letters a day. Europe again in 1927 and in 1928, on a vaudeville tour. I often occupied a room in the leading hotel. In Toledo, my apartment opened on the lobby of the city's principal hostelry, and waiters brought my lunch tray and dinner on a silver platter. In Brooklyn, I was invited to an exclusive beauty shop, where one pretty miss gave my mane a "permanent" and another gave me a snappy manicure.

Another trip to Europe, a second vaudeville tour, three seasons with a circus, half a dozen more pictures and—retirement. I'd like, at this point, to warn Mickey Mouse to be careful, or they'll catch him in one of these retirement traps.

Naturally, I'll miss Tom—Tom will miss me and I'll miss Buster, Trigger and Nigger, my only horse chums. Never cared much for the other horses—sort of a lone wolf, perhaps.

Where I'm to spend my declining days hasn't been definitely settled. But I'm to have Stumpy with me. I must tell you about Stumpy. Get a copy of Goodwin's Turf Guide and read who won the great English Derby with Richard Croker's *Tammany*; who three times rode the winner in the Louisville Derby, who four times captured the Preakness, five times the Grand Sweepstakes at Saratoga, and five times was first under the wire in the Handicap at Sheepshead Bay—and you'll find the jockey's name was Willie Simms, in his day the premier racing boy of America—and—that's Stumpy.

Stumpy is sixty-three—I am twenty-three. Somewhere, some place, Stumpy and I will grow old and perhaps "go West" together.



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YOU may be attracted by price-cuts on ordinary antiseptics. But don't be misled. No price-cut can equal the saving Pepsodent Antiseptic brings you. For Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water you make it go three times as far—get three times as much for your money and greater assurance of escaping winter colds and germ infections.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there really are only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill dangerous germs within 10 seconds.

Don't fool yourself by diluting old-type antiseptics. Your health is too important—also, consider the importance of a pure, sweet breath. Choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted with two parts of water. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be sure! Be safe—and save money!

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
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Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

WALTER HUSTON — The Actor No Moviegoer Really Knows

(Continued from page 17)

egotism or of losing his head. They seem to know Chevalier much as he is, a debonair Frenchman, an ace-high entertainer on the screen, a stable business man off-screen. They seem to know Robert Montgomery for the charming young sophisticate he is, both in the studio and around the house.

They know these men and most of the others. They do not know Walter Huston. Do you?

I said to Mr. Huston, "Of all these characters you have played, each one of which makes people believe you are like that, which one are you *really* like?"

He said, "Well, I suppose I'm *most* like the chap in 'American Madness,' though I might not be quite the humanitarian he was. He verged on the fanatical, and the chances are that if I ever behaved that way in real life, I'd be swept up with the dust on the bank's floor. Too much charitableness is a form of self-indulgence.

"But, on the whole, I figure I'm quite a bit the type of man he was, wanting from life the same things he wanted, with pretty much the same set of values and the same desire to meet my fellow-men and fellow-women with kindness and belief.

"He didn't demand too much of life. Neither do I. He believed in people and expected the best of them. So do I. He didn't worry about things he couldn't help. Neither do I. He was roused to action when there was vital and imminent need—and I would be likewise. He wouldn't have given a thought to mistakes that are done and past. I wouldn't, either. He wouldn't have worried about what is to come when this life is ended. I don't. I am content to leave such matters to those who have control of them. I haven't."

He paused in his pacing up and down, hands in pockets, a thoughtful furrow in his brow, a smile bracketing his mouth. I said, "Don't stop, please. You are explaining the kind of man you really are for all those who ask, who are puzzled, who don't know. This will be our story—to try to tell them what you are like."

Never Worries About Things

"I DON'T know that I can," he said, laughing again. "I don't know that I've ever thought very much about it, ever charted myself out, or made a card-index of my actions and reactions. I'm a very normal sort of fellow, I'm afraid. I figure that I have my own course to steer and it behooves me to steer it straight. I once played a part on the stage where one of the characters said, 'We should never have let the damned women in—they have destroyed our happiness,' or words to that effect. And the character I played answered, 'No, that was not our mistake. We are men, and we should have steered our courses straight, by the tides and the winds. We have got off our course—'

"That's the mainspring of my philosophy, if I have one—never to get off my own course. It isn't very difficult. Most of us know, really, what is right and what is wrong. And I believe that those of us who do wrong, do so only because we have met the wrong influences before we were old enough to discriminate.

"I never worry about things; perhaps I'm too casual. I'm sometimes told so at home. When I was a boy, in Toronto, Canada, I knew in my heart of hearts that, by some weird freak of nature or the elements or something, I wanted to be an actor. Why, or by what means this desire had come to me, I'll never know. I lived in a stern climate among practical, hard-working,



Walter Huston has found happiness in second marriage—and, above, you meet the new Mrs. Huston, attending a premiere with her husband and Neil Hamilton

hard-fisted men and domestic, old-fashioned women. My father was a builder and it was assumed that I would follow in his footsteps when I grew up. To be an actor, in our family, was about as outlandish a notion as to be a gnome or a five-footed cow.

"I didn't agonize over it. I didn't even give it much thought. Somewhere inside me was the obscure belief that if the other way of life was to come to me—well, it would come. In the meantime, I had the present moment and that was all right with me.

"I never read Shakespeare or poetry in those days. (I read very little now.) I never postured in front of mirrors as *Hamlet*. I wasn't unhappy, or frustrated or any of those modern things, ever.

Not "Raised" to Be an Actor

"I WAS best, in school, at such specific subjects as mathematics, history and technical studies. During vacations my brother Alec and I worked on our father's building projects and it didn't worry me for one minute to think that I was handling bricks and timbers instead of grease paint and scripts.

"I was about as far from the environment, the talk, the 'feel,' the atmosphere of an actor as any lad could very well be. I never discussed it. No one ever thought of mentioning such a thing to me. I do not recall that the name of an actor or an actress was ever mentioned in our home.

"Then, when my high-school days were coming to a close, I happened to meet a chap from one of the local stock companies. He offered to get me a job with one of the outfits. And he did get me one. Then, and then only, did I admit to myself and to anyone who was interested how much I wanted to act. My father was dumbfounded, as was everyone who had known me and had gone unsuspecting.

"I wasn't greatly surprised. I imagine I was pretty casual about that, too. These things work out if we steer our courses straight, don't get all tangled up and worried and confused. I went right along from there. For a time I was with that Toronto stock company, and then I was on the road.

I traveled the major vaudeville circuits. I once played on a bill with Hobart Bosworth and with Grace La Rue. I finally got into New York and to such engagements as 'Desire Under The Elms,' 'The Barker,' 'Kongo,' 'Elmer the Great,' 'Mr. Pipp' and 'Commodore Morris.'

"New York was great—I still think the stage is rather more interesting than the screen. John Meehan, the playwright, was a buddy of mine back there. And when I signed my contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I found him here before me. We used to be members of a little crowd back there in New York and every night after the show we'd eat at different queer little places around Greenwich Village.

"Those were great days—but so are these. Which brings me, I think, to the second most important part of my scheme of living—my belief that we should live in the present moment, this day, this hour, *now*. So many of us waste our lives away by constant anticipation! We say, 'Well, things are not so good right now, but next week, or next year—' It is the present moment that is important. The present moment, right now, is all we have.

Lives a Very Private Life

"THESE are a few of my 'notions'—a sketchy bit of my life as a lad—my credo of being casual and of a man's steering his own course.

"For the rest of it—I was married when I was pretty young and I have one son. My first marriage did not survive and I am married a second time. I have said that I am the man nobody knows. Perhaps that is partly because I dislike to broadcast my very private affairs, either on the air or via the inkwell. I can say, however, and I do say—that I am perfectly and completely happy in my second marriage and that this marriage will go on for as long as we both shall live. At forty-eight, love wears a slightly different face to a man, I think, than the face it wore when he was twenty. No less lovely, even more so. But sex attraction is not the single thing it then was. At forty-eight, one demands more of love than that alone. There must be grace of living, and charm and kindred tastes and a communion of thought and taste that make argument impossible. I think I am afraid of only one thing in this world, and that is argument between two people who are close.

"We are building our home, Mrs. Huston and I, back of Lake Arrowhead. And of all the things I have done in my life I believe that this is the most *satisfying*. I've never had a home before, or the feel of my own earth under my feet, my own woods and bricks and storm windows and trees.

"We go to bed by eight and we're up at six-thirty or seven. A regular country-folks sort of a life. An out-of-doors life, swimming, fishing, hunting. We play a little bridge sometimes. Mrs. Huston occasionally reads aloud to me, while I nod appreciatively by the fire. We will have our friends up to visit us, not little snatches of an hour or two here and there, but three to four days at a stretch, and longer. We'll have good talk and good food and good sleep. This is the satisfying life to me—to be with the woman with whom I can plan and build a life of grace and charm and gentleness, in a home of our own, among the hills and lakes, the snow and the roaring of log fires in the winter. I can let the rest of life steer its own course—I am steering mine."

I think you should know, now, Mr. and Mrs. Public, what kind of man Walter Huston is. A MAN.

Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo—Maybe!

(Continued from page 16)

the adjustment of spotlights that will not erase those shadows.

"But we are talking about the ability of anyone to look like Garbo, not discussing Garbo, herself. There is no doubt that she has set a new standard of beauty that all the world and its sister have copied. Pick up any magazine devoted to fashion designs. Practically all original costumes are illustrated as worn by Garbo-like mannequins. Hairdressers specialize in her long bob, and lipstick-manufacturers' ads stress a fuller under-lip than heretofore. Eyelash preparations, which tend to make lashes longer and fuller, have never enjoyed such widespread use. All of which can be traced directly to Garbo's influence. Her slim figure has long been the mode.

Three Prove It Can Be Done

"NO, it is not difficult to look like Garbo. A large number of American women openly ape her, peering through half-closed eyes the while."

"It is your conviction then," we asked, "that anyone can resemble Garbo?"

"Practically anyone," Hurrell replied.

From the long row of framed pictures on the walls of Hurrell's studio, we chose, at random, three personalities.

"There are Peggy Shannon, Rita LaRoy and Claire Windsor, widely divergent types, red-haired, brunette and blonde. Can they look like Garbo?"

"It would be interesting to find out," Hurrell seemed willing to test the theory. "Shall we ask them to pose?"

The ladies in question were asked and graciously consented. The amazing results are reproduced with this article. What argument is left?

Nearly every motion picture studio has at least one actress who has been hailed as a rival of Garbo. Had the choice for this experiment involved Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Gwili Andre, Juliette Compton or anybody whose natural resemblance to Greta, the Great, has already been remarked upon, Hurrell's proof would have been less startling. With the subjects Peggy Shannon, Claire Windsor and Rita LaRoy, it can only be regarded as conclusive. *Anyone can look like Garbo.*

We later discovered that Rita LaRoy has once before impersonated Garbo. She played a character based upon the Swedish star in "Hollywood Speaks," even using a heavy accent and deep voice.

Marion Davies did a bit with Jimmy Durante in "Blondie of the Follies" that was an out-and-out burlesque of Garbo and John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel." Marion played the scene with an air of "if this be treason, make the most of it." Whatever Garbo may have thought of the satire, the critics and public enjoyed it.

Lupe Velez, also an excellent mimic, delights in "taking off" Garbo at Hollywood parties. Lyda Roberti used the "Ay tank ay go home now" line for comic effect in "Million-Dollar Legs." But it is Lili Damita who has topped them all in Garbo impersonations. The part she plays in "The Match King" is said to bear unmistakable similarity to Greta's own personality—so much so that Garbo, when offered the rôle, refused it.

Not to be outdone by the big studios that have observed the Garbo trend, the producer of the "Baby Burlesques" advertised for a child player who resembled the glamorous Swede and located more than six hundred miniature Garbos!

Apparently, there is no age limit for girls who can look like Garbo.

A COLD Passes Thru 3 Stages

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more

difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.

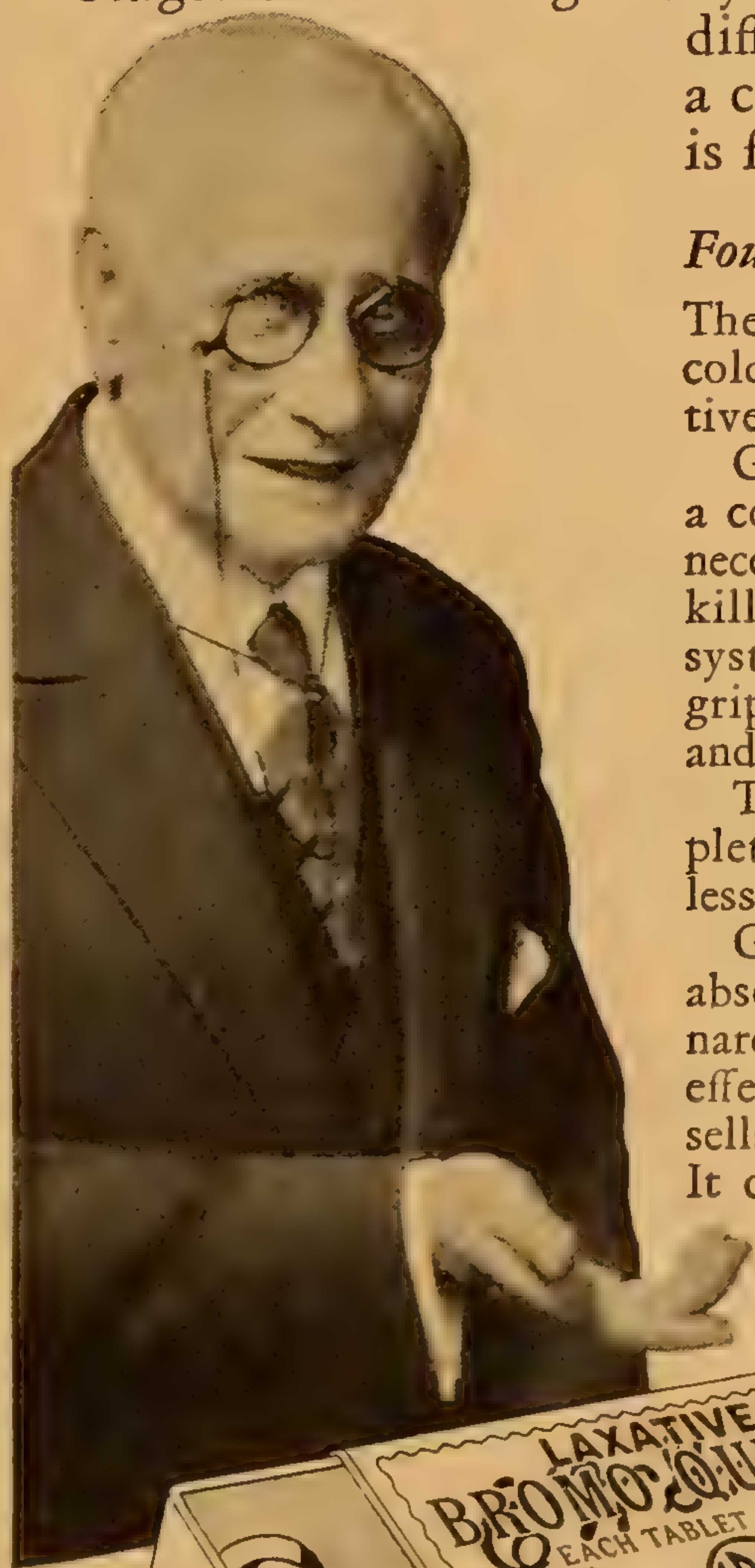
Fourfold Effect for Immediate Relief

The wise thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is absolutely safe to take. It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It comes in a handy, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get a box today and keep it handy as the "stitch in time."



"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Stars Who Hold Records for 1932 in Hollywood

(Continued from page 19)

Bartlett (whom Hollywood suspects of being secretly married), and Lili Damita and Sidney Smith—the last being one of those on-again off-again affairs it's impossible to keep track of.

The *shortest engagement* honors belong to Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, who eloped dramatically in an airplane just two and a half months after they met. Runners-up are the aforementioned John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, who fell in love during "Downstairs" and were married soon after it was released.

Most mileage has been covered by Douglas Fairbanks, the elder, in his various trips in search of material for his "Modern Crusoe" pictures. Richard Barthelmess (who owns a yacht) and Charlie Chaplin (who made traveling Pay Big when he opened his pictures in most of Europe's capitals) can fight it out for second place.

The *best reputation* in the film colony is the proud possession of Conrad Nagel, whom the producers always select to address the Ladies' Clubs, and for women, Lois Wilson wins the record. Not a single scandal in all her years on the screen!

Strangely enough, the *most kissed* (on the screen, of course!) is the same Mr. Nagel, who has played opposite more attractive leading ladies than he can remember and achieved another record when he acted in thirty-two talking pictures in two short years. The *least kissed*? What about Boris Karloff? The gals just scream when he hugs 'em.

Mary Pickford still *entertains the most royalty* and in the last month or two has gone in for a bit of variety, with Shri Meher Baba, the Indian mystic who refused to speak and communicated with others by means of an alphabet board, as a dinner guest. Marion Davies, another brilliant hostess, comes second, and we might as well mention Marie Dressler, Charlie Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks, who are *on nodding terms with more kings* than the other stars are with casting directors. Will Rogers, of course, *shakes hands with the most Presidents*.

At One Studio the Longest

THE *longest starring contract* at one studio is locked in the safe of your friend, Ramon Novarro. He has been at M-G-M for more than ten years. And the star who has been in pictures longest is Wallace Berry, Mary Pickford, or Hobart Bosworth. They all started back in the old nickelodeon days and Hobart has a library of reels from every opus in which he has had a part.

Lupe Velez came in first as the *most natural actress*—with Polly Moran as runner-up. The *most natural actor* was Wallace Beery—with Guy Kibbee a smiling second.

The *most superstitious* is easily Mary Pickford (who seems to be running away with half the records in town!), who consults a numerologist or a soothsayer before making any important decisions and told an interviewer that she believes Pickfair is haunted.

The *best-dressed* star—that's something the gals are ready to battle over! We thought Lilyan Tashman would win without question, but some of the other ladies are willing to allow only that she changes her clothes *oftener* than anyone else, if that means anything. Other nominees for the position are Gloria Swanson and Kay Francis, with Marlene Dietrich and Constance Bennett both possessed of strong rooting sections. Robert Montgomery and George

Raft can fight it out for the title of *best-dressed man*.

It does seem unfair, but Hollywood also chuckles over the nomination of Ann Harding, as the *worst-dressed* star off the screen, with Greta Garbo (who doesn't care *how* she looks) a runner-up. We hear the studio has fashioned a lot of new gowns for Ann, however, so maybe the other femmes are just jealous.

There isn't any rivalry about the *most grotesque characterizations* title. It falls to Boris Karloff, who has played nearly as many monsters as the late Lon Chaney. Hedda Hopper knows the most gossip and the Ladies' Clubs have nominated Lawrence Grant, the character actor, as the *most accomplished public speaker*.

Who Socks the Harder?

THE *hardest heroine-hitter* is a title bitterly contested between Clark Gable and James Cagney, and now that Jimmy is coming back to the screen you may be sure a few more ladies will take the count of ten. And Will Rogers, directors volunteer, is the *greatest prima donna* and the *hardest to manage*. We thought that would surprise you! It seems Will insists on getting the political ballyhoo onto the sound track whether it fits in with the picture or not. *Easiest to direct*, on the other hand, is Aline MacMahon, that wisecracking newcomer you've been hearing so much about. Constance Bennett, by the way, comes in as runner-up for both the temperamental and the placid titles—it all depends on which director you're talking to!

Banjo-eyed Eddie Cantor is the proud father of five children, which gives him *that* record, but the way the other stars are having babies lately he'll soon have some keen competition. Tom Mix, the Western star, has been the *most wounded*. We've forgotten just how many bullet holes have been shot through Tom, but anyway it's a record. For the ladies, Bebe Daniels' daredevil rôles have won her the injured-in-the-line-of-duty prize.

The *smallest waist* on the screen belongs to Bette Davis, whose middle measures twenty-one inches. And to list a few more records in rapid succession, Douglas Fairbanks is elected by his fellow-players as owning the *best disposition* and Lionel Barrymore the *worst*. Lew Ayres has played the *most varied rôles* on the screen, ranging all the way from football hero to columnist (*that's a drop!*) and from the soldier lad of "All Quiet" to a bullfighter, in his next.

The *quickest rise* to prominence on the screen was accomplished by your ol' friend, Clark Gable, though Boris Karloff has advanced to the high spots in the past year, too; and Tom Mix has the *most hats*. Also the *biggest*—and is *that* a distinction! Tom also boasts the most colorful dress suits.

Guess Who's the Most Intellectual?

THE *most intellectual* honors will surprise you, since they go to Edward G. Robinson, of "Little Caesar" fame, with Lionel Barrymore coming second. There has been a lot of publicity about Ruth Chatterton's education, too. The *least sophisticated* jibe falls to two lads, Johnny Weissmuller and Joel McCrea. And since every blonde West of the Mississippi has tried to teach 'em different, the boys must strain pretty hard to retain that boyish blush.

As for girls, we're sorry to report that Hollywood couldn't find one unsophisticated damsel in town. Even Janet Gaynor (like

it or not!) is a lot more grown-up than she appears on the screen. As for the others, a director whose opinion we sought demanded, "Do you mean unsophisticated, or just plain dumb?" There were, evidently, plenty of nominees for the latter!

Russell Hopton, with thirteen in six months, and Guy Kibbee, with eighteen in one year, contest the title of *most pictures*, though they do say Zasu Pitts makes so many she can't remember their titles from day to day. The *youngest* player in films was a ten-days-old baby whose name we couldn't discover, and the *oldest* is one John Dudgeon, who still acts before the camera even though he's 102. Maybe Mr. Dudgeon should get the title, but we do favor Richard Barthelmess as the *most durable*. Dick, you know, is still playing juveniles, and "Tol'able David," his greatest success, was 'way back in the pre-talkie days.

The *biggest salary* probably pops right into the bank account of Constance Bennett, and you know just as well as we do how much she earns every working week! The *lowest salary* ever paid a star was probably handed to young Richard Cromwell. He got something under \$100 a week for his first screen work in "Tol'able David"—in the talkies, this time. But they tell me the boy does better nowadays, depression or no depression!

Guess Who's Least Talkative!

THE *least quoted* is another you don't have to be told. Greta Garbo, of course! And the *most quoted* is your political-minded friend, Will Rogers—and, what's more, Will gets plenty of cash for every word he drawls. The *most popular at the box office* is something you have decided, yourself. Janet Gaynor stands ahead, with Marie Dressler a close second. Marie also wins hands down for the player *best loved* by all Hollywood.

The *best body*—that's the property of Johnny Weissmuller, the great big "Tarzan" man. For girls, the cameramen around town hand the palm to Lili Damita or Dolores Del Rio, whose curves are exceedingly easy on the eyes.

Jimmy Durante, of course, holds the record for being the *roughest*. And did you know that Jimmy lives 'way over there in Pasadena—wit' de millionaires? Norma Shearer deserves applause for *combining two careers most successfully*. She has kept her home-life in order without sacrificing her career on the screen. (We used to hand this one to Ann Harding!)

As for the year, 1932 has seen the greatest advent of *all-star casts*, with "Grand Hotel" in the lead. "Rasputin," with three Barrymores, takes blushing credit for having started the *most fireworks*, and "Strange Interlude" took *longest to make*.

We've had thirty-four domestic split-ups among the stars already this year, with several weeks still untabulated, and such startling divorces as Ann Harding's and Maurice Chevalier's have been among them. We've also seen the advent of the new "friendly" divorces, which set a record for all time, and 1932 has also seen more prominent stars become mothers than any year since the moom pitchers began. More than thirty new babies in Hollywood!

These are only a few of the records they're waging verbal war about down at Malibu. There are hundreds of others, for, as we told you, almost every star has some superlative or other to his credit. Jimmy Durante, for instance, has the *biggest nose*, and . . . aw, you can name a few yourself!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 59)

note, with large puffed sleeves and a "pinch" waist line. Mrs. George Brent occupied a box with her husband and Helen Hayes.

John Boles and his wife, Marcelite, were among those present—Mrs. Boles wearing white, and probably the most exquisite diamond bracelet Hollywood has ever seen.

Little Mary Carlisle added an ingénue note in a pale blue taffeta gown with a large bow across the front.

Anita Page looked very grown-up and dignified in black velvet with her hair brushed back severely from her forehead.

Norma Shearer wore white satin with a large "hem" of sable fur. Norma's fur jacquette was sable to match.

IF there is one star in Hollywood you would think would be recognized on the streets, it is Jean Harlow. Yet the other day we saw Jean sauntering down Seventh Street in the heart of the Los Angeles shopping district without even a mildly curious glance being tossed in her direction. Apparently, Jean was enjoying her "window shopping" in such an undisturbed fashion.

FASHION notes gleaned at various luncheon places:

Joan Bennett, lunching at the *Beverly Hills Brown Derby* with Mrs. Gardner Sullivan, wore a stunning gray tailored suit with brown hat, bag and shoes. Gray and brown are a grand combination for blondes and are *tres* popular in Hollywood at the moment.

At a nearby table sat Virginia Cherrill with George Raft. Virginia looked more beautiful than ever in a black suit, silver fox scarf and a small black hat with a dotted nose veil.

It was a football day, and Jobyna Ralston Arlen, lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLeod (Dick was working), looked very collegiate and cute in a brown-and-yellow sports suit with a very sassy yellow quill in her brown hat.

At the Assistance League, a couple of days later, Sally Eilers created no end of interest in a maroon-colored suit with a small hat to match. Most of the girls are contrasting their hats and gowns this year, but Sally proved that exceptions can be very interesting.

Just by way of proving what we mean, Dorothy Christy wore a maroon ensemble with a *blue* hat to the same café on the same day.

THERE is a strong possibility that two other great hits from the old silent-picture days will be revived. "Broken Blossoms" is one of them. Norma Talmadge's "The Lady" is another. So far no cast has been announced for either of these pictures, though it is not believed that Richard Barthelmess will consent to recreate his Oriental rôle in "Broken Blossoms." As for "The Lady," there are gusts of whispers that Paramount would like to own this story for a Marlene Dietrich vehicle!

LILIAN HARVEY, the English girl who became a star in German pictures, will have John Boles for her leading man in her first American-made Fox picture, "His Majesty's Car." Don't know what the story is, but somehow it sounds vaguely reminiscent of "Congress Dances," all about the Royal gentleman and the mischievous young peasant girl. But titles can be deceiving . . . it might be a railroad yarn!

(Continued on page 74)

Help nature save your mouth health

Right in your mouth is the best formula for mouth health—the salivary fluid. But slowly, modern conditions—mental strain—noise—haste, are stopping the flow of this precious fluid. When this flow is no longer sufficient, widespread tooth decay, bad breath, unhealthy mouth conditions prevail.

Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum made especially to help this condition. Tests show that the healthful mouth fluids start up as soon as you chew Dentyne. The full normal flow cleanses your teeth, checks mouth acids, refreshes the mouth. Dentyne is delicious—refreshing—healthful.



NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF-CLEANSING



Chew delicious
Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

"They Say . . ."

KILLED BRUTUS

Brutus was a good dog, the friendly, tail-wagging, smiling kind of dog. Wanting to be petted he jumped upon the lady, who was frightened. The person she told this to said Brutus had jumped and snapped. The next person said Brutus was frothing at the mouth. Some boys saw Brutus and threw stones. Brutus ran. "Mad dog! Mad dog!" the boys cried. Brutus was cornered and shot.

From Gossip to scandal is a short step, and heaven help the person or thing against whom the public mind is poisoned.

Successful merchants and manufacturers are those who realize the mischief that can be created by "They say." These business men, determined to say the truth, themselves, about their own merchandise and service, employ advertising to protect themselves and the public from half truths, from falsehoods and from the common variety of ignorance that works havoc among the very best of intentions.

These merchants and manufacturers are under no delusions. They know they cannot tell untruths about their products and get away with it because there is nothing that will bring ruin so fast and sure as to turn the bright, white light of publicity on inferior wares or unsatisfactory service.

Advertising forces manufacturers to compete for your trade and your dollars. It compels the offering of better merchandise, better service, fair prices.

You can trust the advertisements in this magazine and the responsibility of the advertisers who use our space.

You're In For Some New Kinds of Chills!

(Continued from page 21)

Yet, as the months rolled on, glimpses were obtained now and then of strange activities in odd corners of deserted sets. Men stood grouped around tables upon which stood tiny mammals—dinosaurs, pterodactyls and other creatures of a prehistoric day. Had it not been for the presence of a special process camera, the technicians engaged in animating these figures might have been mistaken for children at play with their toys. They were making the mystery picture, "Creation."

Then, as quietly as it all began, the filming stopped. Shortly afterwards, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack became associated with Radio. Famous as the directors of "Grass," "Chang" and similar pictures, the two men were asked to evolve a story that would allow the studio to use sequences so far completed for "Creation."

All of the material so painstakingly created for "Creation" was, however, discarded. It was Cooper's idea that a better screen play could be written around a single character, that of a giant ape twenty-seven feet high, a beast made more awe-inspiring by being brought into a civilized world.

Giant Ape Escapes in New York

THE thought, in rough outline, was to have a motion picture expedition discover the huge monster on an unknown island. The ape is captured and transported to New York. Having formed a strange attachment for a beautiful girl, *Kong*, as the giant is called, makes his escape to be by her side. He steals her from her bed and flees with her to the only sanctuary he can find—the top of the Empire State Building (102 stories high). There he is trapped and killed by a fleet of airplanes.

Does that sound thrilling? Take our word for it that your hair will stand on end. We won't break faith by revealing how the animation of this giant is accomplished. Suffice it to say that it is most ingenious.

If we did allow you to see one scene in the making, we would doubtless choose that super-thrilling sequence of the girl's abduction. The setting is a bedroom and Fay Wray lies asleep. Without warning, a tremendous face appears at the window and a long, hairy arm crashes through the sash. Fay is snatched from her bed as you might lift a doll from its cradle. It is surprising how quickly you forget the mechanics of the thing. You are conscious only of a shudder chilling your spine.

Now let's hike over to Paramount, where Charles Laughton plays a mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls." The plot was taken from a novel by H. G. Wells ("The Island of Dr. Moreau"), and tells a fantastic story of surgical operations that hasten the process of evolution. Our friend, the doctor, takes ordinary specimens of animal life and, under his skilled knife, they are transformed into things half-human.

Turns Animals into Men

THERE are a dozen ape-men, a bald-headed, snout-nosed creature who was once a hog, several wolf-men and the beautiful panther woman, who suggests her origin only by the claws on her hands. All of them triumphs of make-up, they will probably cause countless nightmares after the picture's release.

To this "Island of Lost Souls" come Richard Arlen and his fiancée, Leila Hyams. The doctor fails to welcome them until the ape and wolf-men begin quarreling over Leila and the Panther Woman shows a marked preference for Arlen. From this beginning, the madman concocts a horrible scheme of inter-breeding.

Choosing a scene to watch here, we should take one in the operating room, a dome-shaped building in which electrical energy from vivid tropical storms is harnessed to assist the doctor in speeding evolution. Speaking of operations? You have never seen the like. An animal under the knife, weird flashes of lightning, the surgeon's demoniacal face intent upon his work, transforming a beast into a man-like thing.

In case this suggestion fails to appeal to you, we shall come back in a few days and view the concluding sequence. Here the beasts turn upon their creator. The doctor has taught them a creed—"We shall walk upon two legs instead of four" and so on, ending with "We shall not kill." He causes them to violate this creed when he sends them to murder the no-longer-useful captain of his yacht. But he reckons without the beasts' lower order of intelligence. Their lust for blood once aroused, they run amuck.

Nice theme this. It would make a lovely bedtime story.

A Museum of Corpses

GHOULISH to an extreme is the pleasure Warners-First National are engaged in putting on the screen under the title of "The Wax Museum." Lionel Atwill plays an attendant in a Parisian museum. Poor business causes the rascally proprietor to set fire to the building that he may realize on the insurance. Attempting to save the figure of Marie Antoinette, long his favorite character, Atwill is fearfully burned.

The locale changes to New York and the time is ten years later. Atwill is now the owner of his own wax works. By day he wears a mask to cover his hideously scarred face. By night he prowls in morgues and graveyards, stealing corpses. He wears no mask for his nocturnal forays and his visage is guaranteed to scare women and children. Well! Women and children first.

As perhaps you have guessed, the corpses he purloins are later preserved in wax for his museum. He chooses carefully for near-resemblances to characters of history and his collection is almost complete. All he



A living man becomes a mummy for a picture—in which a mummy will become a living man. You see the Universal make-up expert at his four-hour task of "making over" Karloff for "The Mummy"

lacks is a Marie Antoinette. But, search as he will, he cannot find her.

One day on the street, he sees a girl who exactly fulfills all qualifications. The single difficulty is that she lives.

Let's peek through the keyhole of the chamber of horrors upon the occasion when Atwill, having trapped the girl, advises her of her fate. We hear her gasp of terror as the insane man paints a glowing picture of the "favor" he is about to bestow upon her. To pose forever as the glorious Marie, he will have you understand, is no mean fate. As he talks, he prepares the implements of murder.

If you must know whether or not the girl escapes, you will have to await the picture's release. (It's in color, by the way.)

A Mummy Rises from the Tomb

WE have no time to tarry, for over at Universal Boris Karloff is donning another of his painful make-ups to play the title rôle of "The Mummy." The achievement of putting on this make-up consumes four hours every day.

Im-ho-tep was a high priest of ancient Egypt who committed sacrilege in his love of a vestal virgin. The priestess died and *Im-ho-tep* stole the Holy Book of Thoth, the reading of which raised mortals from the dead. Discovered in his theft, he was condemned to be embalmed alive, with the Book in his tomb to prevent others from similar sacrilege.

It is thousands of years before Egyptologists find *Im-ho-tep's* tomb. A young explorer, without knowledge of its import, finds the scroll and reads it aloud.

Having hurried, we are in time for this scene. As Bramwell Fletcher reads, we see the lid of the mummy's sarcophagus slowly rise. A withered hand and arm stretch forth and steal the scroll. The shock of finding a living mummy drives Fletcher to stark, raving insanity.

We are told what happens to the mummy later in the story. Seeking his lost love, *Im-ho-tep* finds her soul reincarnated in the body of a modern girl. She falls under his hypnotic spell and he leads her to an embalming room, where he plans to kill her that he may bring her back to life in a form approximating his own. Only a miracle can save her and a miracle does.

The tale features a score of murders and is just the thing for a quiet winter evening.

Driven Insane by a Bell

DOUBTLESS, by now, you are familiar with the Oriental tortures depicted in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," with Karloff again in the spotlight. The bell torture is not an invention of Hollywood. Back in the dim ages, men were trussed up under huge bells and their eardrums burst by the continuous vibrations. Madness followed.

Too, you have probably seen on the screen ere this, the pure fantasy of bringing a dead man back to life in "Six Hours to Live." There are others on the way. Universal is planning to do "The Invisible Man"—another H. G. Wells thriller—with Boris Karloff, who is now a star, by the way. The rest of the studios also have a trick or two up their collective sleeves. Certainly, they are all concentrating upon the public's demand—"Scare us."

Reading departments are feverishly searching the classics for tales of horror, of mysticism, of fantasy, anything for thrills. Perhaps you know of one they missed. If so, why not drop them a line, telling them where it may be found?

After all, it is you who started the trend. You might as well help it along.

Hollywood's Own Slant on George Raft

(Continued from page 37)

After Night' I have heard many people say, 'That boy is a real actor.' Certainly, any player who has aroused the interest of the public as Mr. Raft has done is deserving of all the screen success he is attaining!"

Clark Gable: "I think he is swell! His performance in 'Scarface' was amazing. I wish him all the luck in the world."

Clara Bow: "Mr. Raft does not remind me of Rudy Valentino. I hope the comparison between them does not go too far. People who are 'second So-and-So's' on the screen never really have a fair chance. I think George Raft has his own place in the movies, just as Rudy had his."

William K. Howard (director of "The First Year"): "I think Raft is a better actor than even he suspects! From what I can judge by his work on the screen, he seems to have an instinctive, untrained sense of the right thing to do before the camera. In other words, a screen natural!"

Sally Eilers: "George Raft? Whoopee! Hey-hey! When I see George Raft on the screen, I'm not worrying about his technique in the fine art of acting. All I know is that he gives me plenty of entertainment for my fifty cents!"

Can't Figure Him Out

JACK GRANT (interviewer): "He's an off-screen puzzle, all right. I don't know whether he is kidding Hollywood or whether Hollywood is kidding him! One minute he talks out of the corner of his mouth about women, and the next minute he is putting them on a pedestal with a good, sound drawing-room phrase. I'll admit I can't figure him out as a person. But as a screen personality—he's there!"

Unnamed waiter at the *Brown Derby*: "Meester Raft? Sure, he's swell! Sometime he tip a dollar for a sandwich. Meester Raft, sure, he's fine actor!"

Arline Judge: "I'm just a movie fan at heart—not a critic. I like Mr. Raft fine. He reminds me a lot of Rudolph Valentino on the screen—the same sort of sexy menace!"

Gary Cooper's studio side-kick and pal: "Why talk about Raft, when there's Gary Cooper to engage your fond attention? I bet more women are interested in Gary, anyway. But don't quote me—unless it's laughingly!"

Mary Foster (housewife): "I rather resent these new screen sensations who crop up like George Raft, when there are so many fine actors whose work goes unrecognized year after year. The public and the press are always picking out some new idol (last year it was Clark Gable) and singing his praises to the sky. Now that Mr. Raft has come along, Mr. Gable isn't nearly the sensation he used to be. Wonder who it will be who will steal the spotlight from George Raft? It's sure to happen."

Edmund Lowe: "My favorite actor-enthusiasm always has been and always will be—John Barrymore!"

He's No Accident, Says Barbara

BARBARA STANIVYCK: "What difference does it make what anybody in Hollywood thinks about George Raft? The public has singled him out as a star with only a few pictures to his credit. That certainly speaks well for his chances. And don't let anybody tell you that the public is easily fooled. They know what they

want—and right now they apparently want George Raft! He should worry about Hollywood!"

Juliette (marcel-waver at the Mary Elizabeth Shop): "We girls in beauty parlors are supposed to be crazy about the actors with plenty of sex-appeal like Gable and George Raft. Yet almost every girl I know would rather see Fredric March on the screen. I don't think girls are as sex-crazy as the press makes out. Personally, I don't care for the type of rôles Raft plays. Gangsters and speakeasy proprietors don't interest me. Give me the sort of rôles March and Clive Brook play!"

Bing Crosby: "George Raft certainly has plenty of what it takes to stir up discussion. Have you ever noticed that only outstanding and colorful people have this ability to inspire controversy? I think he is a very fine actor. 'Night After Night' was one of the most enjoyable pictures I have ever seen."

Janet Gaynor: "I don't know Mr. Raft personally, but I like him very much on the screen. I like dangerous men in the movies . . . the Gables . . . the Rafts."

Newsboy (corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard): "George Raft? Now there's a real guy for you! He knows how to joke and kid with the fellows and he don't take himself too serious. Every time I see Mr. Raft, I get lonesome for Noo York. He's a Broadway gentleman, all right. I think he's the best-dressed actor in Hollywood. His clothes ain't too conservative. Why actors spend half their life trying to be actors and then go around dressed like real estate salesmen, I don't know. But Mr. Raft is different . . ."

Reveals His "Sane" Habits

STUDIO publicity girl: "George Raft is one of the sanest living men I have ever known. It's true he doesn't go in for lots of exercise and The Great Outdoors—but, nevertheless, he takes wonderful care of his body. He smokes very little, and he never touches a thing to drink."

Billie Dove (who is supposed to have initiated George into studio ways): "I'm one of those very un-critically-minded people who judge many of my on-screen favorites by my off-screen favorites. In other words, I enjoy actors I know on the screen better than those I don't. I know George Raft and like him immensely. Naturally, his work, to me, is fascinating!"

Mervyn LeRoy (director of "Little Caesar"): "Right now, George Raft is just about the hottest male personality on the screen. And I don't necessarily mean sex-appeal hot. I mean box-office hot, as well."

Charles Farrell: "Say, this fellow Raft is going like a hot cake, isn't he? I'm sorry to say I missed 'Scarface' but I certainly want to see 'Night After Night.' Until I see George Raft on the screen I can't be very explicit in my opinions. But it seems to me that any actor who can go so far in such a short time must have plenty to offer."

Jimmy Starr (Los Angeles dramatic critic): "This Raft boy has plenty of what it takes! What's more, he is a swell guy personally. I have a sneaking hunch that this is going to be a Raft Year. I don't want to get in this Gable-Raft argument, but I don't think anyone can deny that George has at least temporarily usurped the spotlight from Clark."



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Joan Crawford, the Star Who Never Rests

(Continued from page 39)

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Wants to "Keep on Growing"

"I WANT to grow and to keep on growing. I want to develop. I want the Joan Crawford I am this year to be only a building block for the Joan Crawford I shall be next year. I hope to be able to go on acting long after youth is gone. If that is impossible, I want to have so many riches, so many appreciations within myself, that I shall never know the meaning of futility. I want to be prepared for those years that come after youth is gone. If you are prepared for them, they never catch up to you. If you are not prepared—you are left by the saddest and dreariest wayside in the world. The wayside of nothing-to-do and nothing-to-be.

"Of course, I am ambitious. I am passionately ambitious. But not, I think, for the more obvious things. Not for money. I put mine into Government bonds and forget about it. Nor am I ambitious for fame in the sense of applause and my name in electric lights. I want the kind of fame that is won hard and lasts long.

"I am ambitious—I want Fame because it does something nice to you inside. I want Fame because it makes me feel that I have mattered a little, to other people, to myself. Because it makes me feel that all I have consumed of life and love and material things have not been given to me for nothing.

"I want fame and then more fame. I want never to be second-best. But I haven't even begun yet to be what I want to be. I haven't done anything yet, not one single thing, of which I am proud or with which I am content. I never see myself in a picture that I don't cover my eyes with my hands. I am often repulsive to myself on the screen. I can only say when a job is done, 'Well, that's that—now what?' I don't like to feel I'm static.

Ambitious at Home, Too

"I HAVE to be ambitious in two ways, you know—in my work and in my home. I believe that it is perfectly possible to be both if you can have enough humility. If your ego does not grow in you like some evil-smelling weed, making you intolerable to those about you. If you can talk and think about your husband's work more than you talk and think about your own. When I go home from the studio at night, I talk to Douglas about what he is doing, how his scenes went during the day, what he plans for his next picture. I refrain from talking about myself or my own work unless I am asked.

"If I make a picture that is anything of a triumph, I see to it that I am the same person at the end of that picture that I was at the beginning. If you can have ambition and the fruits of ambition and be the same humble person you were—then you are nearing something fine and really great. Egotism never makes friends—or keeps them.

"I believe that we are born with ambition or without it. I must always have been ruled by it. I remember, when I was a child of five, dancing in the barn at home, dragging in all the neighbor children to watch me perform. And do you suppose I would go on dancing if one of them so much as

spoke or made a noise? No, ma'am! I stopped and waited until there was perfect silence and perfect attention again. Exhibitionism, of course. The craving for the center of the spotlight. All people ruled by ambition are exhibitionists in one form or another. Consciously or sub-consciously, they are actors.

"Ambition is apt to be a tiring thing, of course. It wears you out as any force does. But that can be handled, too. When I go home from the studio, awfully tired, feeling like yelling at anybody who speaks to me, I go straight to my room, have a massage, a light supper in bed; take a book and stay there. I simply do not inflict myself upon Douglas or anyone else. Or if I notice that Douglas is tired—has had a bad day—I remain out of his way and out of his sight. If, in your ambition, you can still be sensitive to other people, then you can make ambition a fit companion to live with.

"Last year I was frightfully tired and depressed. In fact, recently, a well-known writer had an assignment to do a story with me. She refused the assignment, saying, 'I can't talk to her. She depresses me. She is so morbid.'

Would Give Up Ambition If—

"WELL, I was. All of last year, and all during the time I was making 'Rain'—well, I had a great many things that needed forgetting. Then we went to Europe. We played a lot and sat up late and saw all the sights—Napoleon's Tomb in Paris, and Versailles and the Tower of London and everything that every tourist sees. I didn't feel that it was doing me one bit of good. I had had insomnia and I still had it. Then, coming back on the boat, I slept like a streak. I slept fifteen and sixteen hours at a stretch. When I got home, the reaction set in. I realized what good the trip had done me. I was myself again. Now, I am so happy I am positively giddy. Nothing annoys me. Nothing worries me. Whatever is wrong with my life seems right, or rightable, now. I want to make a gay, amusing picture next to fit the mood I am in.

"You ask me whether there is anything in the world for which I would sacrifice my ambition. Yes, two things. And one is this: If anyone near and dear to me should say, 'Your ambition makes me unhappy,' I would give it up, though by doing so I, too, would be finished. But unhappiness is too dear a price to pay for anything—the unhappiness of those you love. To cause or inflict unhappiness is never worth while. I know, because I have been unhappy.

"The other thing for which I would sacrifice my ambition is—a baby. For two years now I have been hoping and hoping that I would have a baby.

"Of course, I would not have to give up my work or my ambition if I should have a baby. Norma Shearer has demonstrated that, beautifully. But for the sake of an argument, if some hypothetical Mr. Thalberg or Mr. Mayer should say to me, 'Joan, if you have a baby, you are through in pictures,' I would say, 'Then I am through, but—I shall have my baby.'

"Perhaps I know in my heart of hearts that I'd not really be sacrificing my ambition. I would have a life-work, born again. And motherhood alone would satisfy my ambition—would satisfy me. . . .

"That is, if satisfaction could ever be possible for me. I think not—for a million lashes of fire drive me and I have never yet come to or even imagined a stopping-place, a way-station, a terminus. I never want to!"

Is Lon Chaney's Son Fated To Suffer For Films, Too?

(Continued from page 54)

dangerous "stunts" he had been performing in his brief career, I asked him: "Do you think your father would have approved of all the risky, dangerous things you have been doing so far? You know the results of the suffering he underwent to make his rôles realistic?"

"Don't Compare Me with Dad"

CREIGHTON flushed. (I suppose he was wondering how I had found out about those confounded stunts.) He poked nervously at his Brown Derby salad, and said:

"Do me a favor, will you? If you are going to write me up in a story, don't say anything comparing me with my father? There isn't any comparison between us. Dad was an artist—a *real* actor. I'm just a fellow trying to get along in the movies. I'd rather be compared to anybody else but my Dad, because I know I'm not worthy of that comparison. When the first publicity I earned was a story to the effect that I was 'another Clark Gable,' *maybe*, I was glad because I figured that if I was being compared to Mr. Gable, it would sidetrack other comparisons to my Dad.

"I will say this, though—I know the sacrifices and great physical suffering my father went through for his screen rôles; I know, perhaps, better than anybody, except my little, excitable, Italian mother. I know that that suffering did not stop with the completion of a rôle, either. My father was afflicted with almost chronic headaches, his eyesight was strained, his body was weakened under the gruelling make-ups he created for the camera.

"I would never be big enough, or enough of an artist to make the sacrifices my Dad did. In the first place, I haven't his great talent for make-up and characterization—so I couldn't if I wanted to. But I also know this: *I'm not going to ask for a double for just ordinary athletic stunts any fellow my size and build should be able to do—even if I break my neck attempting to do them!*

"My Dad would feel disgraced at the idea of a double for a Chaney in any rôle that requires only the physical ability any man should have!"

Not Sure of Himself Yet

AND that is Creighton's own answer to Hollywood's persistent musings over his dislocated shoulder . . . his broken rib . . . his rigid dieting. . .

"I don't exactly know my true screen place, yet," he philosophized. "I sometimes think I would like to do Westerns. Maybe that is because I'm not quite sure of myself as an actor," he smiled, one of those rare occasions, "and not an awful lot of acting ability is required for Westerns.

"I'm still scared stiff in front of the camera. In spite of my three pictures (the serial and 'bits' in 'Bird of Paradise' and 'The Most Dangerous Game'), I shake and shiver with nervousness when the camera is trained on me. A lot of people seem to have the idea that I have had previous screen or stage experience. They figure that because I come

of a theatrical family I must have been trained in that sort of work. But it isn't true.

"Before I was lucky enough to get a contract with RKO, I had been with the gas company here in Los Angeles. Believe it or not, but one of my last jobs was putting a meter in this same Beverly Hills café where we're lunching now. That sort of job is all right for a fellow in his late teens, or early twenties, but when you get around twenty-three or four, you begin to realize the necessity for some sort of future in what you are doing. There isn't much of a future in gas meters!

"After my father's death, I began thinking more and more about pictures. I had always had a sneaking hunch I'd like to try them—but Dad had been firm against the idea. However, when I decided to give up my job with the gas company, all my friends suggested I should at least try my luck on the screen.

Won Chance on His Own

"I HAD had a couple of film bids after Dad's death—from studios that wanted to bill me as 'Lon Chaney, Jr.' I refused them. Then one day a friend took me over to the RKO studio and introduced me to the casting director. He explained that I was willing to do anything at first—that I would be glad to accept 'extra' work at seven-fifty a day. The casting director asked me the usual questions and seemed interested. I wasn't fooled about that interest though—I knew the fact that I was Lon Chaney's son had a lot to do with any impression I might have made.

"He told me to come back the next day. I thought there would probably be an 'extra' job. You can imagine my surprise when I was presented with a contract and asked again to change my name to *Lon Chaney, Jr.* I was just about floored with joy over the contract—but I flatly refused to change my name, even though that refusal might lose me the chance I so wanted. They begged me to reconsider. That night I told my mother all about it. Incidentally, my mother knows more about the workings and inner-workings of the movies than anybody I have ever met. She knew why they had offered me a contract. She knew why they wanted to change my name. Her advice was 'Don't do it.'

"When I told them, the next day, that I couldn't accept the contract if it meant changing my name to my father's for exploitation purposes, I was all set to have that contract offer withdrawn. I thought it was pretty fine when they said it was all right—if I didn't want to agree to the changed name, the contract offer went, anyway.

"I'm honestly grateful to them for giving me a chance to make good under my own steam as Creighton Chaney. I figure they must think I have something to offer on my own. I'm putting my movie fate in their hands, and if one of my jobs is to jump out of a tree onto the back of a horse—well, I'm going to do it!"

Creighton Chaney and his studio didn't quarrel when he refused to be "Lon Chaney, Jr.," but stars and studios do have their bitter battles. James Cagney and Warner Brothers just had a big dispute—about salary. But they didn't tell it to a judge—they told it to the Motion Picture Academy, and now they're friends again. In next month's MOVIE CLASSIC, you'll read the "inside" story of "The New Court That Settles Hollywood's Quarrels," by that well-known "insider," Dorothy Manners, of "Looking Them Over" fame.

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Eddie Cantor Would Rather Be "Papa" Than President

(Continued from page 47)

face is a family man. He has a nice, plump, cheerful wife and five—count 'em—five pretty little daughters. And he is as sentimentally devoted to them, as genuinely proud of them as any bearded patriarch in the Ghetto where he started life. Watch Eddie in a group of men—any group of men. The wink, the shrug, the sidewise glance, the naughty innuendo which starts the guffaws. Then get him aside and ask him about his family—and watch his face change. Watch him drop that sophisticated mask and the smart entertainer's manner. Watch him expand and beam. Watch him become, in a trice, a family man!

Clowning Is a Habit Now

"EDDIE, don't you get tired of being funny?" I asked him. "Doesn't it get to be sort of horrible, knowing that everyone expects a wisecrack every time you open your mouth—that everyone is waiting for 'Eddie's latest' every time you mention the weather?"

"Being funny is like riding a bicycle," he said. "If you learn young enough, it gets to be automatic or reflex or something. It's never any effort—and you never forget, if you live to be a hundred and eight. I'm used to it."

But his face, in repose, has a tired look. Think of the work the man turns out! He has just finished a strenuous picture, he has taken time to dart here and there for benefits, he has snatched time to write a series of articles about Hollywood for one of the big, Eastern magazines. And he is preparing his radio programs for the months ahead. Any one of those things would be a man-sized job for just one individual. His vitality and his capacity for work are amazing.

A long time ago, when I first met him, he told me, earnestly "I think the most important thing about me is that I was a little Jewish boy, born in the Ghetto, orphaned and left alone at the age of two. I grew up on the streets of New York, worked as a bootblack, as a newsboy, as a singing waiter—and I had made a million dollars by the time I was twenty-seven!"

Well, I don't know how important that is, but it is darned interesting. Success is important to Eddie, more important than anything else in the world. He gives every ounce of his energy to whatever he is doing at the moment—and then turns, with unwearied enthusiasm, to the next thing. He plays no games, is interested in few sports. I can't imagine Eddie Cantor amusing himself or relaxing or letting down in any way—unless it is to frolic briefly, with that family of his.

Gives His Wife the Credit

HE neither smokes nor drinks. "I have no small vices!" he excuses himself, with that familiar, sly smile. You'll find, however, that the smart Broadway showmen don't do those things. They leave the carousing to the audiences who pay to see them. The smart boys are busy gathering in the shekels. Eddie's throat is delicate and he must save his voice for singing. He must conserve his energy to work at the show business—to make fun for other people at a good, fat price.

"You can't be a success at anything if you have to divide your energies," he will tell you. "That's why I am so grateful to Mrs. Cantor. She has made it possible for me to give my undivided attention to my work. She has made it her job to be a wife and mother, and I have never had to give

time and thought to domestic problems. I have never had to pause to wonder what she was doing, whether or not she was contented, whether or not the children were receiving the proper care. She has spent her life in making me comfortable, making things easy for me. Otherwise, I could not have accomplished what I have."

Eddie, one gathers, disapproves of most modern wives. "They think of nothing except what they can get for themselves. They don't co-operate. Then they blame their men for being failures. No man can do his best at anything if he has domestic worries—if he must fret for fear his wife is unfaithful or discontented or restless. How can he?"

She's His Silent Partner

THREE years ago, the Cantors started to build a home in the East—it would be the first "real" one they had ever had and Eddie was willing to do it pretty spectacularly. A half-million, he planned to spend on it. (That, he explains, was before the market crash!) Mrs. Cantor supervised every inch of the thing, herself—selected every door-knob and bit of tile that went into it, shopped for months for the right furnishings and drapes. It was finished, finally—almost ready for occupancy. Mrs. Cantor was ecstatic.

"And then I came home one day," Eddie recounts, "and said, 'Ida, it looks as if we were going to have to live in California for several years to come!' Just like that. No warning. Nothing. And all she said—then or at any other time—was, 'Well, maybe that will be better for us!' She packed, calmly and with no flurry, and we came here to live. She has never mentioned that it caused her the least pain or disappointment to give up that home, her friends and her relatives. 'Maybe it will be better . . .'"

So far as Eddie is concerned, it has been better. He has seen more of his family, had more time to get acquainted with them, than he ever had before. The oldest daughter is attending the University here. The others are in preparatory and grammar schools—down to Janet, who is in kindergarten.

"You oughta get a little fun out of life," Eddie says, quoting one of his current songs. "And the most fun a fellow like me has, he gets out of his children. They aren't little very long. Pretty soon they grow up and go away. . . ."

Couldn't Do as Will Does

HE was talking with Will Rogers the other day. (The two are old and close friends.) Will's three youngsters are scattered about the country at schools and camps. "How can you, Will?" Eddie wanted to know. "How can you let them all be away at once?"

Will tugged at his forelock. "We-ell," he drawled. "It's tough, all right. But it's better for them—and that makes us do it."

"He's probably right," Eddie sighs. "But," apologetically—"I couldn't do it—yet!"

A family man.

Eddie believes in the primitive virtues. He believes that people are fundamentally good and kind. He proved it to me almost tearfully with the anecdote of the crew on "The Kid from Spain" who begged for a Sunday off (when they might have been earning overtime pay by working) so that they could go and build a house for a man who was ill, had a wife and three children and was living in a tent. The studio fur-

nished the lumber and so on. "They worked three times as hard as they would have had to work here," Eddie said. "People are kind!"

He tries to impress the people around him with the necessity for being pretty good boys, keeping "fit" and attending to business. Last year, when he and George Jessel were appearing together at the Palace Theatre in New York, Eddie gave George a little pep-talk. "Now, we have a tough engagement, it's going to take the best we have. We must agree to get enough rest, watch our health and keep in shape." George agreed, solemnly, that that was, indeed, the thing for two ambitious boys to do!

A Couple of Jokes on Eddie

EDDIE and George used to leave the theatre together, Eddie would drop George at his hotel, proceed to his own and then telephone his partner. "Ready for bed, George?" he would inquire, brightly. "Practically in the hay!" would come back the reassuring answer.

Eddie never found out until months later that George used to sit there, night after night, in his evening clothes, top hat and overcoat and stick beside him, waiting for Eddie's 'phone call—so that he could depart on his round of New York's gay spots! Eddie thinks it's funny—now. He might not have thought so, then, if he had known it.

Eddie introduced me to Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn lad who became one of Spain's greatest bull-fighters. He came to Hollywood to work in Eddie's picture. Sidney had some caricatures he had made of himself and Eddie, working with the bulls. He showed us the ones of himself, but was coy about the ones he had made of Eddie. "You might not like them—I've made you funny!" he apologized.

"Well, so you should make me funny!" Eddie told him. "It's my business, isn't it?"

Which remark sums up Eddie Cantor pretty well, it seems to me. Being funny is his business. He works at it as energetically, as thoughtfully, with as much concentration, as does any important banker at his financial affairs. Eddie's capital consists of gags, wisecracks and the showmanship to sell them. Away from the theatre, or the movie set or the banquet, he can relax and be himself. A quiet, sentimental, devoted family man.



You'd better give up hope that dresses will soon be shorter. Look at the gown Sally Eilers wears in "Second-Hand Wife." Besides an 1890-length skirt, it features puffed sleeves. The old styles are the newest!

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 11)

up his coat collar and put on a swell imitation of the ague.

If you noticed carefully, Joan Crawford, all dressed up in a gown trimmed with leopard fur, divided her dancing between Gene Raymond and Clark Gable. Oh, dear, yes, of course she danced with Doug, Jr., too.

SIGN over movie theatre—

"Man Wanted"—Also Ken Maynard.

And if you collect those things, this is a pippin—

Marian Nixon in "Rebecca of S. B. Farm."

THOSE three intrepid young travelers, William Bakewell, Russell Gleason and Benny Alexander, have all returned from their first trips to Europe. Being the best of pals in Hollywood they had decided that it would be just the thing to take in the Old World together. As it turned out it wasn't such a bright thought after all. Relations are just a bit strained right now, although they don't say much about it.

As it was reported to us, Billy Bakewell, being a thorough-going tourist at heart, wanted to see everything from the Mona Lisa at the Louvre to a sausage factory in Germany. He wanted to visit the battlefields, the chateaux, the galleries and the cathedrals—and he did. The other boys had gone to Europe to have fun, but by the time they had followed Billy to all of the points specified in Baedeker's rather comprehensive guide, they were too exhausted to find out what night life on the continent was like.

Apparently no one had much fun but Billy. However, in the soothing atmosphere of uncultured Hollywood (there aren't any art galleries, battlefields and cathedrals) the friendship will soon be patched. But there probably won't be any more threesomes to Europe.

YOU might just as well prepare yourself for it. After going through their courtship and marriage, and the quarrels and divorce which followed, it looks as if Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn would visit the parson again. Greta and Weldon showed up at the same night club not long ago, and Weldon provided a lot of excitement by socking Greta's escort on the jaw. Not very many evenings after that Greta and Weldon visited the same battlefield together. They sat very close, danced very close, and looked hearts and flowers.

But, to even things up, a divorce is said to be brewing in the home of a very famous movie couple. The wife is just that interested in a certain handsome leading man. Don't say we told you.

PEOPLE returning from Paris report that Maurice Chevalier has lost a great deal of popularity with his countrymen. They criticize him for not spending more of his American-earned shekels in dear, old Paree. Now, the Americans might get just as peeved because Mawruss doesn't spend more of his money on this side of the Atlantic. Zat homme, Chevalier, has all of the characteristics of the thrifty French race, and he isn't scattering much dinero any place. He even used to carry his lunch to the studio. The Parisians also took exception to the fact that when "Love Me Tonight" was shown in the French capital, the star sang his songs in English. Well, if

Marie Antoinette were still alive and kicking she'd settle the whole problem by asking—"Why don't they learn English?"

Americans might get just as peeved over the fact that when Maurice sings those naughty French songs (and does it oh, so innocently!), he sings them in French.

Chevalier is returning to Hollywood a divorced man, and you should see the film beauties setting their caps for him. Wonder if that Marlene Dietrich-Chevalier story will be revived?

And Mae West, who says she's too busy to bother with romance, comes right out in meeting and admits that if she wasn't wedded to her art, Chevalier would be the guy she'd go after.

ANOTHER "blessed event" in Cinema-land. Lotus, the trained hippopotamus, had to leave the cast of "King of the Jungle" to await the stork's call. Lotus's kid brother, Ludwig, went into the rôle so the paycheck was kept in the same family, anyway.

There, Mr. Winchell, is a blessed event you missed.

THERE was a time when Hollywood folks went to bed at nine o'clock for the pretty good reason that there was nowhere else to go. They rolled up the sidewalks when the curfew rang the knell of parting day. But all of that belongs to the dead past. Night clubs have been sprouting out like measles during an epidemic in a boarding school. No one ever goes to bed anymore, and the gay life is proving a bit too much for some of the "bloods" in the movie colony.

There's such a funny story about the male star who thought he was considerably overcharged at one of the night spots. He retaliated by trying to take the table home with him. The bouncers took care of him, and he didn't get the table. At another midnight whoopee place, the ladies' "Powder Room" is decorated with unpublished, and reputedly, a bit daring, Peter Arno drawings. One young player, of the wrong sex to be going into a Powder Room, made four unsuccessful attempts to get by the maid in charge. Finally he was gently but efficiently ejected into the street.

"I didn't mean any harm," he sobbed, "I just wanted to see those Peter Arno drawings."

At still another night spot a female impersonator holds forth with his impression of Joan Crawford in "Rain." Joan went around to see the show the other night, but she didn't say what she really thought.

WHEN you see the fight between Clara Bow and Thelma Todd in "Call Her Savage" you'll see Nature going raw. When it came time for the heavy stuff there were no pulling of punches. Thelma got a black eye, they say, and Clara had some awfully pretty scratches. Everyone is being so-o quiet about it, but when you see the picture take a good look.

After the picture is completed somebody should match Clara with Jack Sharkey. The script called for the Brooklyn redhead to horsewhip Gilbert Roland, heave a chair at Monroe Owsley, throw a plate at Mischa Auer, and beat up a gigolo.

No wonder Clara says that she wants to retire permanently after this picture.

But what is this talk about a rift in the Clara Bow-Rex Bell billing and cooing? "Say It Isn't So!"

The Stars Are At It Again — Giving Bigger and Better Parties

(Continued from page 49)

Bessie's Bright Luncheon Idea

BUT perhaps little Bessie Love had the brightest and most original way of raising money for charity. Bessie started a "chain" of charity luncheons by inviting ten girls to her home. Each of these girls (the original group consisted of Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, Marian Nixon, Constance Talmadge, Shirley Mason, Harriett Parsons, May Sunday, and three others) was requested to bring a dollar to Bessie's luncheon—and they pledged themselves, in turn, to give a luncheon for *nine* other girls who would each bring a dollar. These nine were to give a luncheon for eight, and those eight for seven, and so on down to *one*!

Take nine girls, each inviting eight girls to a luncheon and so on down the list, and you'd be surprised at the amount of dollars that involves. If no one breaks Bessie's "chain," the Motion Picture Relief Fund will be \$109,000 richer by the idea! This has proved to be one of the most amazing and unique "party ideas" ever put on by Hollywood. The only tough part is trying to find guests who aren't giving a party of their own for Bessie's charity!

But the private parties are the ones that have really been the indication of the turn of events in Hollywood. Apparently, nothing has been too much trouble or inconvenience to make private parties as effective and entertaining as possible.

The famous "Gay Nineties" party given by Fredric and Florence Eldridge March has been an outstanding highlight of the season, and well it might! At considerable cost of time, effort, research and money, the March Beverly Hills home was completely redecorated and furnished to carry out the stiff, stilted effect of the pre-1900 era. Mrs. March spent days before the party visiting antique shops and interior decoration establishments, searching for and renting as many "uncomfortable chairs and lounges" of the period as she could find.

Brought Back the Gay Nineties

ONE of the most difficult feats of her search was locating an old-fashioned "Welcome" mat to adorn the front steps. Still another was a "hitching post" and, believe it or not, a horse and carriage were rented from a Beverly Hills riding academy just by way of carrying out the spirit of the "horse and buggy" era more effectively. A "bicycle rack" was accommodately near the hitching post, which was a practical, as well as an effective prop. Mary Pickford and a Miss Jans arrived in "Gay Nineties" style on a bicycle built for two.

The interior of the March home was even more of a triumph. It was as "stilted and gaudy as your grandmother's parlor," as Mrs. March described it. Red plush drapes were the crowning touch of a room "cluttered" with stiff little chairs, an old-fashioned love seat, photograph albums, hand-painted china vases, souvenir sea shells and a cylinder gramophone. From the garden could be heard the strains of the string orchestra, fiddling away at "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden"...

Dinner was served in the garden around tables that were set and served much after the manner of a lemonade sewing bee. Lanterns of all sizes, shapes and colors illuminated the garden and the dance "pavilion." But, according to the hosts, a great deal of the success of that party must be credited to the guests—a large and imposing list

that more than got into the spirit of the thing.

Helen Hayes came as a kittenish sourette; Norma Shearer in a feather boa; Nancy Carroll in puff sleeves; David Selznick as rough-riding Theodore Roosevelt; Kay Francis as a preacher's wife; Elissa Landi in short skirts and high shoes; Gene Markey as a deacon; and Mary Pickford on a bicycle—all these were as effective a part of the atmosphere as the little "God Bless Our Home" placard in the entrance hall. One hundred and fifty people were invited to the March party, which is a record, even for Hollywood.

Elissa Revived the Wild West

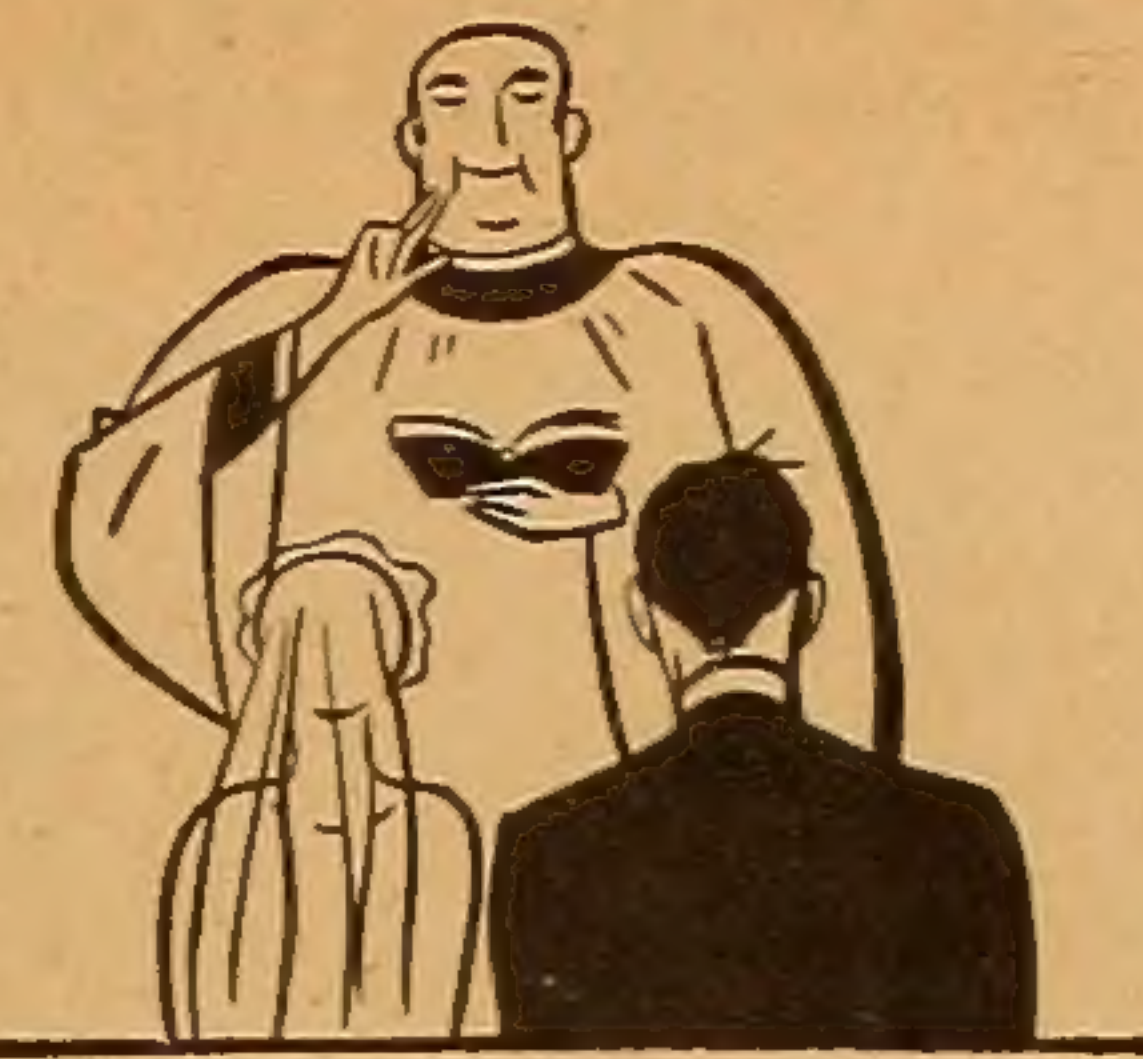
ELISSA LANDI had such a good time at the March party and liked the idea so well that she decided to entertain for her husband, John Lawrence (over from London for a brief visit) with an atmosphere party, also. Elissa decided to go "Old West" for her entertainment and, what's more, Elissa, like the Marchs, went all the way!

The carpets and rugs in her beautiful Beverly Hills living room were taken up and the hardwood floors covered ankle-deep with sawdust. Elissa's own exquisite things were removed to the attic, or maybe the basement, and an old-fashioned "Wild West" bar, with all the trappings of the Western saloon, including roulette tables, card tables, dice tables, beer mugs and photos of buxom showgirls was moved in to add the necessary "atmosphere." 'Tis said Elissa wanted her husband to see a "typical old-fashioned Wild West party" and what, pray, could be more typical than this? An orchestra of musicians, disguised as "miners," contributed such hits as "Turkey in the Straw," as well as the dance numbers that are popular to-day. Until the wee, small hours of the morning Elissa's party was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille; Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March; Kay Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna (Kay Francis); Winfield Sheehan; Mary Pickford; Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer); Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck; Charles and Virginia Valli Farrell, and fifty other enthused and excited guests.

"Be different" had by now become the social cry of the successful hostess and, just by way of living up to it, Helen Hayes gave one of the cutest parties of the season. Helen didn't redecorate her home, and her guests wore their latest evening gowns instead of costumes; but in spite of conventional trappings, Helen's party was certainly a novelty to Hollywood. The catch was in the way the food was served and handled.

Helen's Guests Helped Themselves

GREAT services of food, such as lobsters, crabs, shrimp for salads, caviar and *pâté de foies gras* for *hors d'oeuvres*, rich cheeses and celery for "stuffing," were set out in buffet style and the guest could prepare and cook his own meal right there if he, or she, were so minded! Of course, a minor raft of servants stood about Helen's board to do the actual work of preparation, but it was up to you to select your own food and mix a salad dressing. This was a swell way for the girls to show their respective beaux and husbands just what they could do if turned loose in the kitchen. And maybe you think the friends of the Charles MacArthurs didn't have a grand time. Even bridge was forgotten in the excitement of



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figuring out the best way to make French dressing!

Not to be outdone in being "different" this season, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent had a small, but very novel dinner party in Ruth's large dressing-room suite at the studio. Adding to the novelty of this event, Mr. Ralph Forbes (the ex-husband of Ruth) was among the guests. A table set for ten before a blazing fire, a fried chicken "Southern" dinner, and a promise from all the guests that not one word about pictures would be mentioned made this one of those unique parties Hollywood is featuring this season. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Brent that evening were: Ruth's mother, Elsie Janis, Helen Hayes, Charles MacArthur, the already mentioned Mr. Forbes and Ruth's director. 'Tis said that one of the reasons La Chatterton chose her dressing-room for her first real party upon her return to Hollywood was for sentimental reasons. It is there that the Chatterton-Brent romance first bloomed into consciousness.

Buster's "Land Yacht" Cruises

PERHAPS the most amusing of Hollywood's eccentric parties are given by Buster Keaton on his "land yacht." Everybody knows about this big transportation bus of Buster's which is equipped with sleeping quarters, a kitchen and a parlor compartment. The favorite form of entertainment on the "land yacht" is a stag party. With great glee Buster rallies together Lew Cody, Buster Collier, his director, his publicity man, his favorite photographer and a couple of "other fellows" and invites them "aboard" for an evening of Dutch supper and bridge.

But what tricks that Buster pulls! One evening he invited two actors who had early "calls" for studio work the next morning. So engrossed did these gentlemen become in their bridge game that they did not realize Buster had put the "yacht" into motion and carted them almost to San Francisco! Or often Buster heads down in

the direction of San Diego and Agua Caliente with his unsuspecting guests. This is considered great fun by all except the directors of the missing actors' productions. Most of them wish Buster had never heard of a land yacht!

It has always been a mistaken impression in Hollywood that Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer) do not do much entertaining. As a matter of fact, Norma and her producer-husband entertain almost every night, but there are seldom more than eight dinner guests, and a party of twenty is a big event for the informal Thalbergs. Nor does Norma care for that old Hollywood stand-by, "the buffet supper." Because of this, she seldom entertains more than can be comfortably seated and served at her dining table.

The Thalberg guest list is notably devoid of actors' names, with a few exceptions, of course. John Gilbert is one of their oldest friends. But as a rule, you will find studio executives and their wives, Hollywood writers and visiting English novelists predominate among the guests at the Thalberg dinners and bridge evenings.

Bebe Daniels is a hostess who never relaxed her famed Sunday "at homes" even during the bleak social seasons of the past two years. Bebe's beach house is the mecca of a tennis, bridge and game loving crowd consisting of Constance Talmadge and Townsend Netcher, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, Kathryn Carver Menjou, Louella Parsons and her husband, Lili Damita, and Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. One of the most unusual features of Bebe's parties is hubby Ben Lyon's activities with his candid camera. Ben loves to photograph his guests, and particularly his infant daughter, Barbara Bebe Lyon. In fact, Ben took so many pictures of his own parties that the photographers about town started objecting that newspapers and magazines were using more of Ben's photos than they were of the professional type.

Even little Janet Gaynor has caught the party bug and recently gave a birthday party at her Beverly Hills home in honor of

Lydell Peck, her husband. Janet's party featured Hawaiian music and food and among those present were Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen, Monte and Tove Blue, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Elissa Landi and Winfield Sheehan.

Wally's Guests Go Flying

WALLACE BEERY is another who is addicted to "moving" parties. Only Wally moves his guests, with their full consent, in his airplane up to his mountain cabin at Silver Lake, California. Sometimes Wally transports as many as twenty guests to his "outdoor" entertainments and has been known to make five or six air trips, loading and unloading his guests. Wally's parties are usually week-end affairs featured by hunting and fishing, and his guests include Mr. and Mrs. Phil Berg, Clark Gable, his current movie director, a couple of boys from the studio, and the three adopted Beery children.

This year, as usual, Hollywood's largest and perhaps most glittering parties are the famed Mayfair events given monthly in the Gold Room of the Biltmore Hotel. Here the most exclusive of the cinema lights wear their newest gowns, introduce their newest romantic conquests, and get a look at what their nearest rivals are doing, and wearing. Fredric March is President of the Mayfair board this year and Norma Shearer is vice-president. This is the first time an actor and actress have held these honorary positions (in former years they have been controlled by studio executives). Two hundred reservations were made for the first party of the season and some of those reservations included dinner parties for fifty. Showman Sid Grauman agreed to furnish the stage entertainment from among the dancers and singers appearing in one of his local prologues. Yes, both Norma Shearer and Fredric March were going to make speeches, and if you don't think *everybody* intended to be there, then you don't realize how thoroughly Hollywood has swung back into the social swim again!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 65)

DON'T be surprised to read very shortly that Madge Evans has become Mrs. Tom Gallery. Madge and Zasu Pitts' ex-husband have stopped insisting that they are "merely good friends." Though no definite date has been set, their friends say "soon after Tom's divorce becomes final."

THELMA TODD says there isn't any truth in the story that she and Clara Bow made their fight scene in "Call Her Savage" a little more savage than the script actually called for. Thelma says she and Clara agreed to make it a real tussle and if a couple of newspaper boys standing on the sidelines got the idea that it was a grudge battle—well, that's just another way of saying they're good actresses!

IN case you are curious (and Hollywood has been very curious), the gentleman Ann Harding has been dining and theatre-ing with lately is Edward Cronjager, her cameraman. "No romance—just friends," is the claim.

Things are apparently fair, but cooler, in that marathon romance between Mervyn LeRoy and Ginger Rogers. However, don't put any money on its being a definite break-up. Even the best of friends may temporarily disagree...

Still, at this writing, hot and heavy be-

tween George Raft and Constance Cummings. Flowers every day, 'n'everything!

And Johnny Weissmuller still looks awfully hurt because Lupe Velez won't answer the telephone when he calls up!

QUICK! Run and get the smelling salts! Is that Marlene Dietrich we see shopping in that exclusive Wilshire store, wearing those slightly-soiled beach pants and that beret on the back of her head? Can that be the Dietrich who is usually so fastidiously gowned? Yep, here comes Maria... it is Dietrich!

THE Fredric Marches don't care if certain people raise their eyebrows when told that Freddy and his wife have named their adopted daughter, "Penelope." "We like it," says Freddy defiantly, "and so does the baby—so what?"

THIS month's Hospital Report: Billie Dove in the Santa Monica Hospital for an appendicitis operation... ditto for Bette Davis... Richard Bennett recuperating from pneumonia at Palm Springs... Mrs. Richard Bennett just out of the hospital after an operation... Fredric March unsuccessfully fighting off a slight attack of the flu... Dick Arlen a ptomaine victim

... Conrad Nagel with scratches from a motor accident... Kathryn Carver Menjou at the Hollywood Hospital with "nerves."

ADRIENNE DORE, Warner Brothers blonde, has been secretly married to Bert Kelley for two months. Adrienne wanted to keep her marriage secret until she got a better start on the screen, but some meanie newspaper reporter ferreted it out!

BETTY KENDALL, daughter of a New York producer, and Ralph Forbes are being very nonchalant and amused at the rumors of a serious romance between themselves, but Hollywood has the idea firmly planted in mind and won't let go!

Certainly Betty and the British Mr. Forbes are constantly together and seem to find an awful lot to keep their heads bent close together over dining tables.

LILLIAN ROTH is back in Hollywood and may make a picture which she authored, by the way, for Universal. Lillian's story is called "Stage-Door Johnny" and talk is that the authoress will probably star in it.

Oh, yes, Junior Laemmle's interest in Lillian seems to be social, as well as studio.

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BY PATRICIA GORDON



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